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HAMLET AND THE UR-HAMLET

*(The Text of the Second Quarto of 1604, with a conjectural
Text of the alleged Kyd Hamlet preceding it)*

With an Introduction

BY

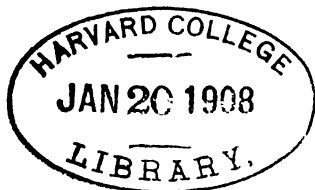
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*President of The Shakespeare Society of New York, Author of
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INTRODUCTION.

The purely objective student of the *textus receptus* of Shakespeare's *HAMLET* can desire little if anything more than Mr. Vining has presented in his prefatory matter to that play in the *Bankside Shakespeare* (Vol. XI.) Mr. Vining has presented there (1.) "The Saga of Amleth;" (2.) its first translation into French, "The Historye of Hamblett," (where, in a sort of phonetic habitude the aspirate is transposed from the end to the beginning of the hero's name) by Belleforest—and Mr. Vining adds (3.) Richard Grant White's succinct statement of the theory, which we have all up to this time been forced to adopt—namely, that the first Quarto was one of those "stolen and surreptitious" short-hand or memorized reports of the second Quarto version as it was pronounced by Shakespeare's actors from Shakespeare's stage (of which felony, under the pseudonym "John Heminge and Henry Condell," the Editors of the First Folio complain).

To complete the external sources, Mr. Vining has translated from the blackletter the curious old Plowden report of the leading case of *Hales v Petit*, of 1553, which Shakespeare in his fifth act travesties to carry the plot over into the situation required by the tremendous grave-yard scene—a scene such as no other dramatist ever attempted, and one that, in the workmanship of any other dramatist, would have been itself a travesty! And, when to all this Mr. Vining has added his own fine commentary on the other circumstantial items of material for the lines of the Play, there was and is little left for the present Editor to remark as to the tragedy as we have it to-day in our libraries and on our English stage.

The difficulties in the way of believing *prima facie* either that there was, or that there was not, an English play dealing with the Danish story of Hamlet prior to the appearance of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's Hamlet, would seem to be about equal. If there were, how could it so entirely have disappeared, when older contemporary productions reasonably survive? If there were not, how can we receive the phenomenon of great Shakespeare's greatest play—the greatest and splendidest of tragedies

—as a contemporary production with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*? Why does Meres record that Shakespeare—worthy, he notes, to be called the English Seneca—wrote these three, but make no mention of *Hamlet*, when Nash in the same year, speakes of a *Hamlet* written by an English Seneca who could be “read by candle-light”—a sort of euphuistic statement, meaning possibly that he was to be seen, not in a book, but on a stage in a house lighted with candles? and why do two other accredited authorities speak of a play called *Hamlet*, which had been played on a public stage prior to 1603? That is to say: Meres mentions a Shakespeare without a *Hamlet*, and Nash a *Hamlet* without a Shakespeare: although perhaps it was not quite as impossible then as now to separate master and masterpiece, or to pronounce the name of either without the other, when treating of English dramatic literature.

And again, upon examination of the literature concurrent with the stage career of the Play itself, we are startled by some very curious testimony. Lodge's *Wits Miserie* (1596-p. 56) contains this allusion: “And though this fiend be begotten of his father's own blood, yet is he different from his nature, and were he not sure that jealousie could not make him a cuckold, he had long since published him for a bastard; you shall know him by this, he is a foule lubber, his tongue tipt with lying, his heart steeled against charity; he walks for the most part in black under colour of gravity and looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre like an oister wife, *Hamlet revenge*.” (Dekkar's *Satiro—mastix*, 1602) “*Asina*. Wod I were hang'd, if I can call you any names but Captaine and *Tucca*. *Tuc* No, fye'st, my name's *Hamlet*, revenge: Thou hast been at *Parris Garden*, hast not? *Hor*. Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide *Zulziman* there. (Westward Hoe, 1607,) “I but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*, and crie ‘revenge.’” (Dedication to Scoloker's *Daiphantis*, or *The Passion of love*, 1604) Like the never-too-well read *Arcadia*, where the prose and verse (matter and words) are like his mistresses' eyes, one still excelling another and without corrivall; or to come home to the vulgars element, like friendly Shake-speare's tragedies, where the comedian rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe: Faith it should please all, like prince *Hamlet*. But in sadness, then it were to be feared he would runne mad. In sooth I will not be moonesicke, to please; nor out of my wits though I displeased all.” In the body of this same work are the following verses:

His breath he thinkes the smoke; his tongue a cole,
 Then calls for bottell ale to quench his thirst,
 Runs to his Inke-pot, drinkes, then stops the hole,
 And thus growes madder than he was at first.
 Tasso he finds, by that of Hamlet, thinkes,
 Tearmes him a mad-man; than of his inkhorne drinks,
 Calls players fooles, the foole he judgeth wisest,
 Will learne them action, out of Chaucer's Pander;
 Proves of their poets hawdes even in the highest,
 Then drinkes a health, and swears it is no slander.
 Puts off his cloathes; his shirt he onely wears,
 Much like mad-Hamlet; thus as passion teares.

(Arnim's "A nest of Ninnies," 1608) "His father's Empire and Government was but as the Poetical Furie in a Stage-action, compleat, yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any Hamlet; and that now Reuenge, iust Reuenge, was coming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister, to fill vp those Murdering Sceanes." (Sir Thomas Smithes Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia, 1605.) "Sometimes would he overtake him and lay hands uppon him like a catch-pole, as if he had arrested him, but furious Hamlet would presently eyther breake loose like a beare from the stake, or else so set his pawes on this dog that thus bayted him that, with tugging and tearing one anothers frockes off, they both looked like mad Tom of Bedlam." (Decker's Dead Terme, 1608.) "If any passenger come by and, wondring to see such a conjuring circle kept by hel-houndes, demaund what spirits they raise there, one of the murderers steps to him, poysons him with sweete wordes and shifts him off with this lye, that one of the women is false in labour; but if any mad Hamlet, hearing this, smell villanie and rush in by violence to see what the tawny divels are doing, then they excuse the fact, lay the blame on those that are the actors, and perhaps, if they see no remedie, deliver them to an officer to be had to punishment." (Decker's Lanthorne and Candle-light or the Bell-man's second Nights-Walke, 1609.) "A chamberlaine is as nimble as Hamlet's ghost, heere and everywhere, and when he has many guests, stands most upon his pantofles, for hee's then a man of some calling." In Rowland's Night Raven, 1620, a scrivener, who has his cloak and hat stolen from him, exclaims: "I will not cry, 'Hamlet, revenge my greeves.'"

(Eastward Ho, 1605.) "Sfoote, Hamlet, are you madde? Whether run you nowe? You should brushe up my olde mistresse." And in Clarke's *Paroemiologia Anglo Latina*, or *Proverbs in English and Latin*, 1639, is the curious expression "a trout, Hamlet with four legs," (which might perhaps suggest "very like a whale.")

Herein surely are described some other Hamlet than the one we possess in the Second (or even the First) Quarto—in the First Folio, and in the thousands of editions following them even unto this day! For neither in the First nor the Second Quarto versions of the Play does Prince Hamlet run about crying "revenge" nor tear off other people's frocks, nor smell villainy, nor rush hither and yon to see what the tawny devils are doing, or anything of the like tumultuous performance. The student is, therefore, forced to assume some sort of an evolution of the Play which had considerably advanced when Shakespeare found it, and of which he used as little as possible in his own splendid Drama—how little I am sure the conjectural text here presented will suggest, even if the criticism upon this attempt to suggest it does not deserve—as this Editor is eager to confess that it does not—any attention at all as an imitation of the language in which Kyd (or whoever it was who might have written this *Ur Hamlet*, as German scholars have taught us to conveniently call the earliest Hamlet), would have clothed his lines; (though, even in the colloquial diction which is all that is here attempted, it compares passably with the diction of "The Famous Victories," apparently staged in about the required dates). The conventional story of the seduction by a Prince of the blood of one of his Queen-mother's maids of honour and of her madness on being discarded by her seducer, who heartlessly tells her to become the inmate of a bagnio—the slang name for which was "a nunnery"—is apparently all the concession to a "contemporaneous human interest" that the English playwright made to lighten the main action of a Prince feigning insanity to avenge the murder of a King, his father, by his brother; who by marrying the widow of the murdered King becomes King consort and intrigues to be accepted, and finally is accepted as King *de facto* and *de jure*—"popped in between th' election and my hopes"—that is, except a localism or two to be noted later.

Thirty years ago, in my "Shakespearean Myth," I suggested that a good many problems in Shakespeare study might clarify if we came to understand that Shakespeare, as we possess him to-day, was not the same

as played in those Elizabethan and Jacobean theatres, so awfully described by Northcote, Stubbes and all the other stage historians; that the two hours traffic of our stage alone would have practically precluded even the most rapid reading of any of the great plays, even with omission of the hundreds of lines discarded in the Second Quarto; notably the play we are now considering. I then suggested that it was the ACTION only of these dramatic pieces that was then and there preformed. Why, I then asked (First Edition, page 272), should a thrifty manager have ransacked Greek and Latin and Italian literature, the Romantics and the Sagas, or the cloisters of England, or the black letter law reports of sixty years before for travesty of the forgotten case of *Hales v. Petitt*, to elaborate by excursus after excursus lines to present to audiences that wanted only dumb-show and noise and the tumbles of a clown for their ha'pennies? And if I stated then, I wish to restate it now with the added emphasis of thirty years—that I not only do not believe myself—but do not believe that any entirely sane person actually believes, that boy actors spouted the lines now assigned to Ophelia, Juliet, Portia, Imogen, or to any of those great women parts, as we have them in our libraries and on our stage to-day! I am willing to believe that English boys of three hundred years ago were immensely the intellectual superiors of our twentieth century youth—but even then I do not believe it. The object, therefore, of the present Edition is to somehow account for what dumb show and noise or passion torn to tatters came under the name of “Hamlet” upon the London stage, say at Paris Gardens alternately, or perhaps simultaneously with the bear baitings at those elegant establishments. Has a single commentator in all these centuries told us how the Shakespeare plays, as read in the First Folio, could have been staged at all and escape the Lord Chamberlin and the Censors of a Queen, who, on her accession to the throne commanded that no plays should be performed “in which matters of religion or of the State” were “handled or treated” and who allowed no relaxation of that policy to the end of her reign? Thomas Kyd being a son of a scrivener HAD been born, so to speak, “to the trade of Noverint” (i. e. the engrossing of conveyances beginning *Nosce omnes homines cum sui praesentes*) and had “left that trade” to be a playwright. His “Spanish Tragedy, or the Pitiful Death of old Hieronimo” had an inner play, whose action was the pantomime of a murder in a garden preformed to assist in ferreting out the murderer suspected to be amongst the spectators. But to most

criticism, the use of the inner play in one Stage piece would preclude its identical use in another by the same playwright. But then how about Nashe's "whole Hamlets"? Guessing is simplicity itself. Why not a guess that the similar use of the inner play in *Hamlet* suggested Shakespeare; and that the pun on "Hamlet" and "handfuls" a covert, transparent apology for alluding to so important a man as Shakespeare?

The solitary morsel of evidence upon which all this hypothesis hangs is the single entry in Henslowe's *Diary* as edited by Collier (and most unfortunately the name of the Editor diminishes its authority) to wit:

9 of June 1594 Rd at hamlet. viij s

this entry being in a column headed "In the name of God Amen beginninge at Newington my Lord Admiralle and my Lorde Chamberlen men as followeth 1594."

And if, in this Edition, we are enabled to speculate and to arrive at a concept of what this primitive or Ur-Hamlet actually was, by way of a considerably earlier Germany than the Germany whose scholars have sent us so much splendid commentary upon Shakespeare's *Masterpiece*, it will be yet one more obligation of English speaking students of *Hamlet* to German sources.

We find that it was the custom of London players, during the summer months or when at any other times the theatres were closed for sanitary reasons or by the authorities under Puritan influence, to proceed to the Low countries which was the easiest way to reach the Continent. Then the route they actually took was to embark at Hull and to sail to the Danish port Elsinore, the Helsingør of to-day. This voyage would consume one week. The Company would then get permission from the authorities that were, to give performances to pay their passage money and then would proceed to such places as they desired to visit on foot or horseback and then by land they would pass into Germany, and so on, until their vacations ended and, the London theatres open again, they would retrace their steps. Thus is accounted sufficiently the mention of Elsinore in *Hamlet*. Here at Elsinore is a famous castle named Kronborg, a fortress built in 1552 to command the Kattegat. When, as it was often, occupied by the Danish Court in summer, the adjoining town of Elsinore was naturally the nearest and an altogether ideal place for these English actors to set up their stage. There was recently discovered in the

Royal Archives at Copenhagen, the "Monnetz Besoldung ug Kostspendinge," (monthly payroll and board account) of the town of Elsinore for January 22nd, 1585, to January 22nd, 1587. In this is an entry in the year 1585 of a disbursement of four skilling to repair a board fence between the premises of Lauritz, the town clerk and the yard of the Town Hall, "which the people broke down at the time the English played in the Yard." And again, in 1586, is an entry of which Mr. Jacob A Riis sends me this translation :

XXXVI daler Wilhemj Kempe, instrumentalist, got two month's board for himself and a boy named Daniel Jones. He had earned pay from June 17th, when he took service. In addition, a month's pay was given him as a parting gift. In all three months at twelve daler (dollars) a month.

Thomas Stephens

George Bryan

Thomas King

Thomas Pope

Robert Percy

These five instrumentalists and mummers entered the service on June 17th and from that time to the end of this, the eighth month—which is the 18th of September, making three months and three months at six daler each per month, the amount of 8 1-2 dalers 3 skilling each; together 92 daler 15 skilling for which Thomas Stephens has given his receipt."

Wilhemj Kempe is William Kempe. George Bryan and Thomas Pope are named in the First Folio in the "List of the Names of the Principal Actors in all these Plays." So the question why Hamlet-Amleth, who was of Jutland, was removed to Elsinore, seems answered; and these actors seem to have pretty accurately described the fortress of Kronborg to Shakespeare (who never seems to have travelled abroad with his company), for views given in a series of twelve photographs of that castle, reproduced in New Shakespeareana (Vol. III, page 89), appear to correspond with astonishing accuracy to scenes in Shakespeare's Play. That Shakespeare never went to the Continent on these professional tours so far appears probable. Mr. Alexander Cargill of Edinburgh sends to New Shakespeareana (Vol. V, page 25) a valuable communication reciting extracts from the town records of Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Perth, recording visits of English actors and others connected with theatrical matters, some of whom were presented with the Freedom of those towns. But nowhere can the name of William Shakespeare be found. Further records may at any time be discovered, since the triumphs of Professor Charles W. Wallace and Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte,

within a single year, in unearthing Shakespeare entries, warn us not to regard anything as impossible. But so far as the researches of these, and the like, fastidious scholars have gone, William Shakespeare himself spent his vacations in England, though, like Hamlet, himself, he may have enquired of his players, How comes it that you travel?

When, therefore, we trace in the Play before us all this Danish reference and Danish chronicle, some light does darkly break upon some of the methods by which Shakespeare's plays contained their versimilitude to such manifold detail and of contemporary Europe. Let us pause here to note some further Danish material in Hamlet.

Saxo places the scene of his Saga of Amleth in Jutland: Belleforest, translating it into his Hystorie of Hamblett, says that the Danes "all with one consent proclaimed Hamblett king of Jutie and Chersonnesse, at this present the proper country of Denmarke." But the local color portrayed by his actors induced Shakespeare, it seems, to select Elsinore. For to Shakespeare's idea of vraisemblance, Prince Hamlet must be at a Danish Court, and there was no Danish Court in Jutland. No detail escapes him. Even the selection of Wittemberg for Hamlet's university tuition, is exact. Wittemberg was a Lutheran univeristy and the Danish Court was Lutheran. Even the "custom more honored in the breach than in the observance" can be accounted for. In a notebook kept by "Master William Segar, Garter King at Arms," who journeyed to Denmark in 1603 (the date of the First Quarto), is the entry of June 14th: "This afternoon the King (of Denmark) went aboard the English ship which was lying off Elsinore, and had a blanket prepared for him upon the upper decks which were hung with awning of cloathes of Tissue, every health reported sixe, eight or ten ordinance, so that during the King's abode the ship discharged 160 shot. . . . It were superfluous to tell you of all the superfluities that were vsed, and it would make a man sick to heare of the drunken healths. Vse has brought it into fashion, and fashion made it a habit which ill beseems out nation to imitate." And similarly, Rosecranz (Rosencraft in the First Quarto) and Gildensterne (Gilderstone (Id) and otherwise in further quartos, Guyldensterne is the Danish Gyldenstierne—just as in lax transcription—which is of small assistance, or hindrance either in tracing our sources—Geruthe of the Saga becomes Gertrude in the first, and Gertrad in the second, Quarto. Mr. Stevens, in his edition of 1793—was the first we found to have suggested that Rosencrantz was a real personage. He calls him "an ambassador." But

it seems that both Rosencrantz and the Guildensterne were actual persons living at the date to which we must now hark back the story of Hamlet, as portrayed in the *Ur-Hamlet*, at least.

On page 191 of *Shakespeareana* Volume VIII (—at that date under editorial conduct of The New York Shakespeare Society, there was quoted a communication from the late Dr. Leo, President of the German Shakespeare Gesellschaft announcing to that Society his discovery, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, of a memoranda kept in the year 1577, by the Duke Frederick I of Wittenberg of the names of persons he met on his travels in the North in that year. One of the entries was this:

1577 In utraque fortuna ipsius fortuna esto memor Jorgen Rosencrantz.

1577 Feredum et sperandum P Guildenstern.

Haufniae [Copenhagen] sthen Builde tull Wandass.

Dr. Lee also records that a correspondent, Dr. Balti, writes him that the Guildensternes of Denmark became extinct in Denmark in 1729 until which date they had flourished there since the year 1300, and that he had seen a copy of a funeral sermon preached, prior to the year 1600, over the remains of "Rosencrantz and Guildensterne," two courtiers or attendants at the Danish throne. To this discovery of Dr. Leo's must now be added Mr. Percy Simpson's discovery of a volume entitled "*Tychonis Brahe Daniepistolarym Astronomicarvm libri Quorvm Primus his illvstris lavdatis Principis Gvlielmi Hassiae Landtgravii ac ipsius Mathematici Literas vnaq Responsa ad singulas complectiur. Noribergæ Apud Levinum Hulsium, Cum Cæsaris et Regvm Qvovndam privilegiis. Anno M DCI.*" On the verso of the title page of this book is a half-length portrait of Tycho Brahe bordered by a panel containing the coat of Arms of sixteen noblemen with the names of the owner of the shields under each. Under the coats of one of these shield escutcheons is the name "Rosencrans," and under another of them the name "Gvldestere" omitting the N. This work bears the imprint, 1601. And in another volume "*Astronomiæ Instauratiæ Mechanica, Noribergæ apud Levinvm Hvlsivm 1602,*" also by Tycho Brahe, this same portrait is again used as a frontispiece. The juxtaposition of these two names, the dates of the two publications—the latter the year before the date of the first quarto Hamlet, and the fact that the works of the great astronomer were of international interest and importance, may well justify us in including one or the other of these books in the list of those with which so omniverous a reader as Shake-

speare might not improbably have been more or less familiar. The design was, it seems, re-engraved for Peter Gassend's "Tychonis Brahei Vita" (Paris 1654) and in this engraving the spelling adopted is Gvuldensteren. In announcing this interesting discovery in "The Athenaeum" Mr. Simpson continues: "It appears that this Guildensterne was commissioned to procure some elks ("Elendsthier," "Alce cicurata," in the German and Latin texts) for the Landgrave of Hesse. Brahe writes to the Landgrave on September 26th, 1591, that he cannot procure any in Denmark, gut "hab ich hinauff in Norwegen an Koniglicher Maiestat allda stadhalter | den Edlen vnd Wolgebornen Exel Guldenstern | welcher mein gar nahe Verwandter vnd sehr guter Freud ist| fleissig geschrieben vnd angelangt | dass er mir auffs wenigst ein par derselbigen Thier | die da jung weren | mit erster gelegenheit herab schicken wolte | dan dero in seinem Lehen vnd Gebiete etliche verhanden seyndt" (p. 214). The animals were sent, but they died and the Landgrave wrote for more in 1592. Brahe replied on September 20th that he had just received letters "Consanguinei mei Nobilissimi viri Axilli Gvldenstern Regij n Norugeia Vicarij," complaining of difficulties in executing the commission: Guildenstern had got the elks, but could not find a trustworthy captain to ship them over. Finally two were sent, procured, says Brahe (p. 306), by "meinem Bultsverwanter Axel Gvldensterne." Rosencrantz is mentioned once in the letters, as associated with John Dee, the English astrologer. Christopher Rothmann, Court Astronomer to the Landgrave, writes to Brahe on August 22nd, 1589:—"Literas illas, quas ad Geellium Sasceriden schipseras, nuper tradidi Praceptori Nobiliss. Rosencrantzii, ui me et ex te et ex Nobiliss. D Ioanne. Dee., amico meo singulari, perquam humaniter salutabat" (p. 153.) Holger Rosencrantz was born on December 14th, 1574, and died on October 28, 1642; he was connected by marriage with Brahe, and he prefixed a copy of laudatory Latin verse to the 'Mechanica' when it was first published in 1597. His correspondence with Brahe from 1596 to 1601 has been edited by F. R. Friis (Copenhagen, Trulsen, 1896). A brief life of him is given in Tycho de Hofman's 'Portraits Historques des Hommes Illustres de Dannemark,' part iv. pp. 9-10 (Copenhagen, 1746), and the interesting statement is made that he accompanied the Danish ambassador Christian Friis de Borreby on his official visit to England to be present at the coronation of James I. It is perhaps worth adding that a "Magnus Gildenstern" came to England in the train of Christian IV. in 1606 (Nichol's 'Progresses of James I.,' i. 606). After

the accession of James, with the close ties then connecting the Courts of England and Denmark, any license in the use of contemporary Danish names would be inconceivable, especially when a member of a distinguished family had paid an official visit to this country. But under Elizabeth the relations were not so intimate, and personal names would be known more vaguely: a literary source such as the *'Epistolæ,'* the work of a distinguished Dane, would be precisely the one on which a playwright might be expected to draw. Moreover, the stage history of *'Hamlet'* fits in with the date 1601 admirably, and even indicates a conceivable channel by which the names reached Shakespeare. The First Quarto of *'Hamlet'* stated on the title-page that the play had been performed in "the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." Mr. Fleay, commenting on this indication that the company had travelled, has pointed out that the only year in which they are known to have been absent from London is 1601, and that this must be the date of Shakespeare's work upon the quarto. The company visited Scotland in that year. Did Shakespeare go with them? Did they perform at the Court of King James? When James was in Denmark in 1590, he visited Tycho Brahe at Uranienburg; Brahe mentions his recognizing the likeness of Buchanan on a globe in the Museum (*'Epistolæ Astronomicæ,'* p. 238). James would be a likely person to receive a presentation copy, or at least to hear of the book and procure it for himself."

But, apart from all conjecture, it is very important to note that Mr. Simpson's discovery agrees with other evidence in determining a date for the original composition of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

So the body of Shakespearean history is daily augmenting; and the statement of fifty years ago that we know next to nothing of him—is already impossible!

And that these English actors passed from Holland over into Germany there is also plenty of testimony. There is a letter dated 1586, now in Dulwich College, written by an actor named Jones to Edward Alleyn, in which pleading great poverty, he solicits aid to "go over the seas with Mr. Brown and his company." And a German passport exists which shows that in 1591 this Jones played with Brown's company in Germany, Holland and Friesland, "tragedies, comedies, and histories." Richard Jones was one of the Earl of Worcester's players in 1586, when Alleyn was a member of that company, and these players may, too, have passed into Germany, per-

haps seen the plays of Hans Sachs and Ayrer, for the last named's play of *Sidea and Engelbrecht* and the former's play of *King Lear* strongly support the conjecture, their plot, characters, and general treatment closely resembling those of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *King Lear*. In 1586 there were performing before the Saxon Court five English players who had previously been playing in Denmark. They performed, in English, and appeared both in Dresden and Berlin. "At the entertainment of the Cardinal Alphonsus and the Infant of Spaine in the Low-countrys, they were presented at Antwerp with sundry pageants and plays—the King of Denmarke, father to him that now reigneth, entertained in his service a company of English commedians commended unto him by the honourable the Earle of Leicester—the Duke of Brunswicke, and the Landgrave of Hesson retaine in their courts certaine of ours of the same qualty." Heywood, "Apologie for Actors, 1612" (Ed. Shakespeare Society—p. 40). Frederick II, who died in 1588. Five of these actors left King Frederick's court in 1586, and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony. Of these five, two: Thomas Pope and George Bryan, just mentioned as having been in Elsinore, returned to England and joined Shakespeare's company, as appears by the list of "The names of the Principall Actors in All These Plays" prefixed to the First Folio.

The plays they presented were delivered in English—the Merchant of Venice, for example, was so presented at Halle in 1611, during Shakespeare's lifetime, and in 1626, we have records of similar performances of *Romeo and Julietta*, *Julio Caesare*, *Lear*, *King in England*, and *Hamlet a Prizen Dennemarck*. The late Albert Cohn, in his "Shakespeare in Germany," who is the unimpeachable authority for these statements, adds that in Rochell's "Chronicle of the City of Munster" it is stated that on November 26th, 1599, "eleven Englishmen, all young and lovely fellows, except one, a rather elderly man, who managed everything . . . acted for five successive days in the Town Hall, five different comedies in their English language.

" . . . They had with them various instruments on which they played, such as lutes, zithers, fiddles, pipes and the like—they danced many new and strange dances, not common here in this country at the beginning and end of their comedies. They had with them a clown who before each act, when they had to change their costume, spoke much nonsense in German, and played many pranks to make the people laugh.

They were licensed by the Town Council for six days only, after which they had to leave. During these six days, they got a great deal of money from those who wished to see them, and hear them. For every one had to give them a shilling at their departure."

All this is important. But it would not help us materially in our search for our missing Ur-Hamlet were it not that Mr. Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany" (Berlin: Asher & Co., 1865), gave also English translations of several German plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the action of which was that of certain of the Plays known as Shakespeare's, and the lines of which emphasized a certainty that such action was accompanied by lines of identical tenor with the text of Shakespeare himself. Among these plays was one entitled DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD ODER HAMLET IENS DENMARK. It is dressed with a Prologue between Night, a goddess, and her attendants, whom she summons to spread her dark mantle over deeds of shame to be performed by mortals, and one of these deeds of shame is exactly the murder of a Danish King "Hamlet" and the subsequent action is the story of the Hamlet of the *Historye of Hamblett* and of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's Hamlet! This Prologue, added in Germany and of a statelier diction than the play itself, need not detain us here at all. The conclusion, it seems to this Editor, is, since this play was performed by English actors in Germany earlier than the appearance in England of the First Quarto; and since its text calls for a Prince Hamlet, who shall deport himself quite as the citations from Lodge and others above given require, that here at last we find a vestige of the very Ur-Hamlet we are searching for; and that, if we retranslate this BRUDERMORD back into English we will arrive at a very fair conception indeed of what that required Ur-Hamlet was like. Perhaps, indeed, it may compel us either to reject Mr. White's theory that the First Quarto Shakespeare Hamlet was a stolen version of the Second Quarto version, or else to accept that First Quarto as being an arbitrary rendition following this very Ur-Hamlet, renaming sundry characters and not preceding the First Quarto at all (which would be so very violent a theory and run itself amuck against so many incidental items of evidence, that it must be rejected.) Did I not hesitate to add even one more to the already bewildering mass of Hamlet conjectures, I might guess that that surreptitious stenographer took down only as much of the lines as his ear could seize upon, and supplied all the rest at his leisure—getting for example,

the name of Corambis from his memory of the Ur-Hamlet. For, Corambis is the name of the Prime Minister in the First Quarto; it is Corambis in the BRUDERMORD but if the First Quarto was a stenographic report of the second it would naturally have been Polonius as the name is in the Second Quarto. Dr. Isaac Hull Platt (*New Shakespeareana* III, 83), has interested himself to find a reason for this change—as startling as the reason for changing Old Castle to Falstaff. Says Dr. Platt:

“It has often been suggested that in the character of Polonius Lord Burghley is satirised. Polonius’s precepts to Laertes are a paraphrase of Burghley’s precepts to his son Robert when the latter was about to set out on his travels. This was noted by French in *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, quoted in Dr. Furness’s *Variorum Hamlet*, Vol. II. p. 239. But why did Hamlet call him a “fishmonger?” The name Polonius may very well be derived from *πωλέω* to go about, to busy one’s self, or from *πολεω* to sell, to hawk, trade, and this might account for the latter part of the word, but why a “fishmonger?” If Polonius was meant by Shakespeare as a lampoon on Burghley the answer is rather clear. “To make up for the loss to the shipping which the downfall of Catholicism had caused by diminishing the demand for fish, he (Burghley) obtained the passing of a curious law which made the eating of flesh on Friday and Saturday, and on Wednesday unless fish dishes were also placed on the table, a misdemeanor.” (*Encycl. Brit. Art. Cecil.*) When the law was new and fresh in the minds of the people the topical allusion could hardly fail to appear very pointed and amusing to every one but the Lord Treasurer. In the early version of the play Polonius was called Corambis. Why was the change made? Webster’s Dictionary says that Cecil is from the Latin meaning dim-sighted. Corambis might be derived from *coram*, face to face, from *cora*, the pupil of the eye, and *bis*, double, so Corambis would be equivalent to “Mr. Seeing Double.” Perhaps a better derivation would be from *coramble*, which seems sometimes to have assumed the form *corymbe*, gen. *corymbis*, the name of an herb supposed to cause dimness of vision. In either case it would seem like a play on Burghley’s family name. This being so, it would seem likely that after Burghley’s death in 1598, somebody deemed it best to change the name to prevent the satire appearing too obvious. Again: It is well known that Burghley was not above using spies, of whom he employed many; it would be interesting to ascertain whether some servant or agent of his

was named Hill or Mount or something similar. This would account for Reynaldo, Polonius's servant, whom he sets as a spy on Laertes, being called Montano in the early version. I note, however, that Judge Holmes (Authorship of Shakespeare. Revised Edition II. 626) says that Cicero, once when railing at the indolence and so on of the Roman Senators, calls them "fishmongers!"

As the nearest to what Ur-Hamlet was (and I really cannot see any reason for calling it Kyd's, save the above noted resemblance of the plot to the plot of one of Kyd's plays, which to me seems rather a reason were one needed, against his authorship), we here, therefore, antiphonate a retranslation of *DER BRUDERMORD* over against the text of the Second Quarto Hamlet, and timidly offer the result to Shakespearean Higher Criticism.

I may permit myself to add, perhaps, to Mr. Vining's *Bankside Hamlet*, a few items wherein our Ur-Hamlet (to which Mr. Vining gives equivalent attention) possessed a technical merit even preferable to the Shakespeare Hamlet itself. To wit:

In our Hamlet we have this explanation of Hamlet's status at the Danish Court—a much better one than the Prince's statement to Rosenkrantz and Guildenstjerne that he "lacked advancement."

"Alas, Horatio! I know not how it is that since my father's death I am always so sick at heart; while my royal mother has already forgotten him, and the King still sooner; for while I was in Germany he had himself crowned with all haste in Denmark. But to assume some sort of show of title he has made over to me the Crown of Norway, and appealed to the will of the States." Neither by English nor Danish law was the marriage of Claudius with Queen Gertrude "incestuous" as Prince Hamlet was fond of calling it. But if the new King could persuade the people to declare his succession, not as King *jure uxoris*, but as King in his own right, then Prince Hamlet would indeed be ousted in case of a son being born to Claudius by the Queen Gertrude. The usurpation during Hamlet's stay at Wittenberg consisted in the fact that, on the death of the elder Hamlet, his son, (the Prince Hamlet of the Play,) would have become King. In other words, the Ur-Hamlet raises almost the very question, which Bacon in his *History of Henry the Seventh* states as being debated at the accession of that first Tudor monarch after his hasty crowning on Bosworth Field: "But the King . . . resolved to rest upon the title of Lanaster as the main, and to use the other

two, that of marriage, and that of battle, but as supporters, the one to appease secret discontents, and the other to beat down murmur and dispute," etc.

Again, the Ur-Hamlet assists to the item always most lacking in these matters—a date! And it does in this instance as usual by a localism. In the Bankside Introduction to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* I pointed out how (although the majority of commentators treated the First Quarto of *The Merry Wives* precisely as they did the First Quarto of *Hamlet*—namely, as a surreptitious and stolen report of a better version) an actual examination of the better version showed that the accretions were largely allusions to our accounts of things which happened after the date of the First Quarto—running along at intervals of one, two and three years, and even at longer ones, until many of them were of no importance, and had entirely lost their significance by lapse of time—and which, therefore, could not have been inserted at once; that is to say, that the play grew in the mouths of the actors by precisely what we to-day call “localisms” and “gags.” And here, too, it seems to me, is a curious proof that these English actors in Germany in playing *Hamlet*, used a certain “gag” or hit at a matter of London talk in or about 1589. It had passed its interest, (and that not a comic one,) and so was also discontinued in the Shakespeare Quartos. But it seems to have been interpolated into the Ur-Hamlet of London. And being accustomed to it, the English actor seems to have used it. The German transcriber took it down, just as it was, as if it were a part of the play, (an allusion to Portugal in Denmark was quite as natural as an allusion to England). But it stamps, to my thinking, not only the English origin of the *Brudermord* “*Fratricide Punished*; or, *Prinz Hamlet of Dennemarck*,” but proves that the custom of “gagging” or “localizing” a play, from time to time, was a custom of Shakespeare’s day quite as constantly as in our own. This is the incident: In *Fratricide Punished*, Act III, scene X., occurs the dialogue:

King.—We have resolved to send you to England . . .

Hamlet.—Ay, Ay, King send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again. That’s the better plan.

The interpolation was evidently an allusion to what at about that time was a matter of public indignation, viz: Essex’s disastrous expedition to Portugal in 1589, in which, out of the eleven hundred officers and twenty-

one hundred common soldiers who started with him, three hundred and fifty officers and eleven hundred soldiers never lived to come back. The localism certainly had no meaning in Germany and had nothing to do with the play in Germany. But it helps us to a date for the *Ur-Hamlet*, which, when ascertained, corroborates the one called for by the quotations presented above.

Again our *Ur-Hamlet* italicises, once more, the ever present realization of how little Shakespeare took and how much he added to what we all still call "the sources of the Plays." All the philosophy, the reasoning, the intercommuning upon life and death; all that we think of as connected with Hamlet for example among characters in fiction are unsuggested until now. To lighten the lurid story by the travesty of the even then forgotten dialectics of the counsel in *Hales v. Petit*, where Lady Hales bases her hopes of defeating an escheat upon a casuistic differences between the act of a man throwing himself into a water-course (an act which was not a felony) and the water in said water-course drowning the man (who nor his representatives could be held responsible for what that water did) giving the Court opportunity to enunciate that principle of Relation which has ever since enriched the common law! All this enrichment of plot and circumstance was Shakespeare's own! I leave it to the dramaturgists to expatiate upon what seems to me the most intensely dramatic contretemps in all *Histrionics*. Namely: the first appearance of the Ghost. A lay figure, Bernardo, is asked to narrate in detail its appearance, and he begins a circumstantial monologue, which promises to be a tedious interruption of the tense situation: "Last night of all when that same star that's westward from the pole," etc. But the narration is broken off and obviated by the appearance a l'instant of the Ghost himself! An obvious betterment from the Ghost's first entry in the *Ur-Hamlet*, where he hits the sentinel a box on his ears from behind!

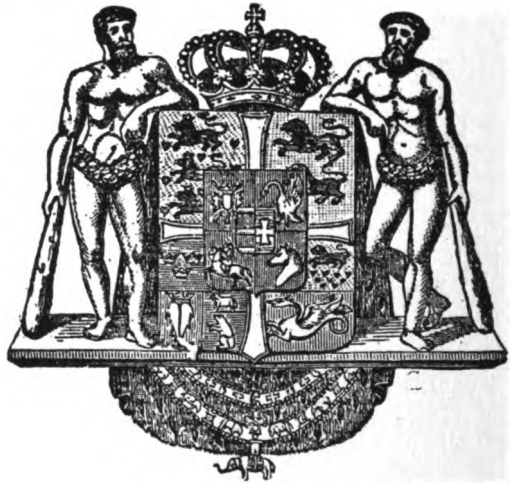
All the Prince Hamlets, the Saxo, the Belleforest, and the *Ur-Hamlet*, simulate madness. But Shakespeare, as if foreseeing that in modern days a cloud of commentators would arise to speculate as to whether Shakespeare's Hamlet alone was really mad, gives in the Prince's own lines, unmistakable evidence of his princely sanity, not only making him warn his attendants that he might see fit to put an antic disposition on, but joking with them as to his own state of *compos mentis*. He is only mad north-north-west, etc. And if there ever were an item in the play to

suggest lunacy it would seem to fade before the Prince's merry inquiry of Horatio whether his success with the inner-play would not justify his acquiring a share in the Company of Players and wearing a forest of feathers! breaking out with a taste of his quality for impromptu:

“For thou dost know, O Damon dear
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very very—CLAUDIUS!

for Horatio says: “You might have rhymed,” and surely CLAUDIUS is a better and more proper rhyme than Pajock! And if anyone is permitted to suggest a new reading in Shakespeare I respectfully, with submission to the Court, suggest this one.

Again; in the Ur-Hamlet the Prince gets rid of the attendants who answer Rosencrantz and Guildensterne by offering to allow them two chances of putting himself to death by firing at him from opposite sides, he himself giving the word. They fire. He stoops and each shoots the other dead. Shakespeare does it more deftly, for Rosencrantz and Guildensterne might



not have so readily been captured by a transparent ruse. He had his father's signet in his purse, which was the model of the Danish seal. And the

Danish Consul at New York City enables me to add this one more evidence of Shakespeare's constant accuracy, even in the most minute matters of fact. It appears that from the date of King Waldemar, surnamed "The Victor," until very recent years, no special Danish coat of arms existed; each King using his own personal coat of arms, which thereby became the official coat of arms during the King's reign. How this has been modified into the present national Danish coat of arms our second cut displays. But as King Claudius was *jure uxoris*, the use of Prince Hamlet's father's signet was sufficient warrant for the English King to do execution upon the unfortunate courtiers. And I think nobody will deny that a "Union" dropped in Rhenish was a more fitting Queenly carouse to Prince Hamlet's fortune with the foils than "an Eastern diamond powdered fine and dissolved in a cup of warm beer" which the Ur-Hamlet calls for!

Thus loving and faithful students of the text are daily adding items of corroboration to and verification of Shakespeare detail. Signally has Judge Phelps unearthed the origin of the name Falstaff and Mr. Henry Pemberton, Jr., of Philadelphia, been successful in identifying John Haywood as Yorick (*New Shakespeareana*, Vol. V., page 82), and Biron as Lamond—"The Gentleman of Normandy who was the Brooch and Gem of all the Nation." (*Id.* VI, 63) and by a remarkable casting of computation has demonstrated that the "stars with trains of fire and dews of blood" and "the moist star sick almost to doomsday with eclipse" were references to ascertainable and certain phenomena, to wit: meteoric showers of the required dates. (*Id.* VII, 1.) Sir Edward Sullivan, too, was fortunate enough to purchase at a London book auction a black-letter quarto of "The Civile Conversation of M. Steeven Gazzio, written first in Italian and now translated out of French by George Pettie, etc. Imprinted at London by Richard Watkins 1581. In this work are such startling paraphrases of speeches in Hamlet, Macbeth—measure for measure, and Loves Labours Lost as, were dates acquiescent, could only mean that Gazzio had copied Shakespeare. (These parallelisms are given in extenso in *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA* III, p. 74)—and Professor E. A. Sonhennscheine has discovered in Seneca's *De Clementia* (*Id.* IV, 131,) the exact sentiments as to mercy, that Portia pronounces expressed in the exact syntax which Portia uses. Discoveries like these are certainly more valuable than that eternal rearrangement of stereotype details bequeathed to us by Rowe and Malone, which passes among too many of us for "ripe Shakespearean scholarship," (though

German Universities, I am assured, do not forbid their professors to keep abreast of any proffered or possible channels of either internal or external Shakespeare exploration).

I am fully aware of two objections to the present volume. First, that the conjectural text of the Ur-Hamlet given here, is not in sixteenth century diction at all. But to have counterfeited such sixteenth century phrasing, had I been equal to it—would by its flavor of *tour de force* have defeated the impression I seek to emphasize—namely, that only the action of the Play could have been presented on London boards, say at Paris Gardens, where Dekkar records having seen it, or at Newington Butts, where, (as we learn from the invaluable Henslowe's Diary which I hope will prove not to have been tampered with), a play called "Hamlet" was acted by "My Lord Admirall and my Ld. Chamberlain's men. June 1594." For my purpose the running version of *DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD* seems to answer well enough. The second objection is, of course, that this volume has no warrant to place in The Bankside Restoration Series at all. This is true, and most palpably true. I can only plead the convenience of The New York Shakespeare Society, which after promising for so many years a *FOUR TEXT Hamlet*, has been obliged to present the four texts in two volumes instead of in one: the texts of the First Quarto and the First Folio being now paralleled in Volume XI of The Bankside Shakespeare and those of the Ur-Hamlet and of the Second Folio herein. As it is expected that each respective set of The Bankside Shakespeare and The Bankside Restoration Series will ultimately be reduced to a single possession, the inconsistency may not always be so apparent; and my own workmanship in this parallelization may be pardoned me.

Had we been able to present in this volume a parallelization of the Second Quarto with the First Folio, evidences of what seem to have been a later revision for stage-purposes of this Play would have been apparent to mystify us still more in any attempt to supply its stage History. For instances to avoid bringing in Fontinbeas and his army—even if represented by "four or five most ragged foils—to interrupt the action of an already tremendous Play—Hamlet's entire fourth soliloquy about "the little patch of ground not worth five ducats" is ruthlessly cut out in the first Folio. All the dialogue between Bernardo comparing the ghost's appearance to the sheeted dead that erst did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets, (which omission by the utmost latitude of conjecture has been assigned to an accommodation of this

play with an assumed run of Julius Caesar, either just before, or just after a run of Hamlet): four lines, concerning "that monster custom" spoken by Hamlet in his mother's chamber, and that most comfortable soliloquy of Prince Hamlet's in which he proposes to hoist the engiaer with his own petar, and by delving one yard below his enemies' mines to blow them at the moon! That these should be found in the Second Quarto and omitted in the First Folio is a curious commentary on the "Heminge and Condell" statement that the First Folio version presented the plays "cured and perfect of their limber and absolute in their numbers," etc. Especially when we obtain this parallelization by such a parallelization as follows:

"HEMINGE AND CONDELL."

For, when we vawle the places
our H. H. sustaine, we cannot but
know their dignity greater, then, to
descend to the reading of these trifles:

Wherein, as we haue justly obserued,
no man to come neere your L. L.
but vvith a kind of religious
addresse; it hath bin the height of
our care, vvho are the Presenters,
to make the present worthy of your
H. H. by the perfection.

Country hands reach forth milke,
creame, frutes, or what they haue:
and many Nations (we haue heard)
that had not gummes or & incense,
obtained their requests with a lea-
ened cake. It vvvas no fault to ap-
proach their Gods, by what means
they could.

And the most, though meanest, of
things are made more precious when
they are dedicated to Temples.

And vvhile we name them trifles,
we haue depriu'd ourselves of the
defence of our Dedication.

But since your L. L. haue beene
pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-

PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY.

I considered your situation much
too elevated for you to descend to
such an office.

* * * even those who come to
pay their respects to you do so with
a kind of veneration: on this account
I ought to be careful that what is
dedicated to you should be worthy of
you.

But the country people, and in-
deed, some whole nations offer milk
to the Gods, and those who cannot
procure frankincense substitute in
its place salted cakes, for the Gods
are not satisfied when they are
worshipped by every one to the best
of his ability.

* * * for things are often con-
ceived to be of great value, solely
because they are consecrated in tem-
ples.

And by this dedication I have de-
prived myself of the benefit of chal-
lenge. For still thou ne'er wouldst
quite dispise the trifles that I write.

thing heeretofore; and haue prosecuted bothe them, and their authour liuing with so much fauour.

There is a great difference, vvwhether any Booke choose his Patron, or finde them: this hath done both.

For it is a very different thing whether a person has a judge given him by lot, or whether he voluntarily selects one.

Such a deadly parallel column as the above sufficiently indicates that "Heminge and Condell" is a pseudonym for some one who was very much another sort of person from the two actors who ended their days as a grocer and a Publican, respectively, without so much as a suspicion that their names had been used to present the world with its most magnificent Literature!

And yet it seems that the tares must always grow with the wheat. Prince Hamlet addresses to poor Ophelia a remark so excessively coarse and vile, that, even in the Warwickshire dialect in which it is smothered, it is unprintable for the popular reader! Let us hope that this passage is a survival from the lost UR-HAMLET!

APPLETON MORGAN.

Rooms of The New York Shakespeare Society,
New York City, October 2nd, 1907.

THE A Tragical History of HAMLET,

Prince of Denmarke.

As it hath beene pasted and acted
by the right Honourable the
Lorde Chamberlaine his Sw.
Majesties.



LONDON

Printed by I. I. at the signe of the Gunne in St. Dunstons Church, and
at the signe of the Angel.

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleetstreet. 1604.



Ghost of the old King of Denmarke

Erico. Brother to the King.

Hamlet. Prince son to the murdered King

Sigrie. The Queen, Hamlet's mother.

Horatio. A noble friend to the Prince

Corambus. Royal Chamberlain.

Leonhardis—Corambis his son

Ophelia—Corambis his daughter

Phantasnio—The Court Fool

Francisco. Officer of the guard

Carl. A Principall of the Actors.

Iers. A Peasant

Two Bandits. Sentinells. Life Guards

Players &c





H A M L E T

First Sentinel. What friend?

Second Sentinel. A friend.

First Sentinel. What Friend?

Second Sentinel. Sentinel.

First Sentinel. Ah, the watchword! comrade!—hob're come to relieve me. I only hope the time may not be so long to hob as it has been to me.

Second Sentinel. Why, comrade, it is not so cold now.

First Sentinel. Cold or not, I've a Hell's own sweat.

Second Sentinel. Why so timid?—that's not soldierly. A soldier should fear neither friend nor foe; nor even the Devil himself.

First Sentinel. That's all very well; but let the Devil once catch you behind, and hob'll be taught to sing *Miserere Domino*.



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **W** Hise there?
Bar. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Fran. Long liue the King,

Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*,

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The riuals of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Second Sentinel. What, then, is it that which has really frightened you?

First Sentinel. I'll tell you all about it. I have seen a ghost in the front of the castle, who has twice tried to pitch me down from the bastion.

Second Sentinel. Hold your tongue, you fool. Dead dogs don't bite. I'd like to see if a ghost that has neither flesh nor blood can hurt me.

First Sentinel. Well, if he do show himself, you'll see what he will be like, and whether or no he will frighten you. I will remain in the watch-house. Adieu.

Second Sentinel. Off with you; perhaps you were born on a Sunday, and can see ghosts of all sorts. I'll now mount guard myself. [*Heaths, to the sound of trumpets within.*]

Our new King makes merry. They are drinking healths.

Ghost of the King approaches the Sentinel, and frightens him, and exit.

Second Sent. O holy Anthony of Padua—defend me! I see now what my comrade asserted to me. O Saint Belten if my first watch were only by I would take to my heels like a lither. I wish I had a stoup of wine from the King's board to quench the heat and fear in my soul.

[*Ghost comes up behind him—and strikes him a blow on the ear. Sentinel flings down his musket.*] The Devil himself is after me. I am too frightened even to run away! [*Exit.*]

Mar. O, farwell honest fouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue feene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,

And will not let belief take holde of him,

Touching this dreaded fight twice feene of vs.

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

That if againe this apparifion come,

He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tufh, tufh, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we haue two nights feene.

Hora. Well, fit we downe,

And let vs hear *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,

Had made his courfe t'llume that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my felfe

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou are a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to

Mar. Speake to it, *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurps this time of night.
Together with that faire and warlike forme,

Second Sentinel. Who's there?

Horatio. The Rovnds.

Second Sentinel. Which?

Horatio. Main Rovnd.

Second Sentinel. Stand Watch. Corporal forward. Shoulder arms.

Enter [Francisco and Watch. They give the word from the other side.

Horatio. Sentinel, look well to your post; perhaps the Prince himself may go the rovnds. He caught sleeping and it may cost you your head.

Second Sentinel. I wish the whole company were here. Not a man of them would go to sleep; for my part I must either be relieved, or run away, and be hanged to-morrow.

Horatio. Why.

Second Sentinel. Oh, my good Lord, there's a ghost here, which appears every quarter of an hour; it has so broken me up that I had as lief be in Purgatory.

Francisco. This is just what the last sentinel has told me.

Second Sentinel. Aye, aye, only stop a bit. It won't keep away long. *[Ghost passes across the stage.*

Horatio. On my life it is a ghost, and looks just like the late King of Denmark.

Francisco. He bears himself sadly, and seems as if he would say something.

Horatio. There is some mystery here.

In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge three Speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake, *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more than phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the fencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frowned he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange,

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me that knowes,
Why this fame strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land.
And with such dayly cost of brazon Canon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
 Whose image euen but now apear'd to vs,
 Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
 Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
 Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
 (For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him)
 Did fflay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
 Well ratified by lawe and heraldy
 Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
 Which he stood feaz'd of, to the conquerour.
 Against the which a moitie competent.
 Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
 Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart
 And carriage of the article deffaigne,
 His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
 Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
 Sharkt up a list of lawlesse refoletes
 For foode and diet to some enterprife.
 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this post haft and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
 Well may it fort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eyes:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
 The graues stood tennatleffe, and the sheeted dead

Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets.
 As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Disasters in the sunne; and the moyst starre,
 Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,
 Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
 And euen the like precurse of feare euent
 As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee; stay illusion,
 If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,
 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me.

*It spreads
his armes.*

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 O speake:
 Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
 Speake of it, stay and seake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
crowes*

Mar. Shall I strikee it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
 To offer it the shoue of violence,
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,

King. Although our brother's death is still deep in all our memories, and although custom requires us to go into mourning and hold no state pageants or ceremonials we have thought best to nevertheless change our sombre funeral suits (or suits of crimson, purple and scarlet because my late brother's widow has become my most dear consort and wife.

Doth with his lofty and shrill founding throat
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
 Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad
 The nights are wholefome, then no plannets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
 So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
 But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad
 Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
 Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life
 This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
 Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 As needful in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
 Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrudthe* Queene,
 Counsaile: as *Polomus*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet, Cum *Alys*.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
 The memorie be greene, and that its befitted
 To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
 To be contracted in one browe of woe
 Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest forrowe thinke on him
 Together with remembrance of our felues:
 Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene

Let every one then be cheerful and make festiual with vs.

Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
 With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
 With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
 In equal scale waighing delight and dole
 Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
 Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone
 With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
 Now follows that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
 Holding a weake supposal of our worth
 Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
 Our state to be difioynt, and out of frame
 Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
 He hath not faild to pestur vs with meffage
 Importing the furrender of those lands
 Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To business with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated articles allowe:
 Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
 You told vs of some fute, what ist *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voyce; what wold'ft thou begge *Laertes*?

King. But say, Corambus, how is it with your son Leonhardus? Has he already set out for France?

Corambus. Aye, my gracious Lord and King, he has gone already.

King. But is this with your consent?

Corambus. Aye—Upper Consent, Middle Consent, and Lower Consent! O, Your Highness, he has got an extraordinary, noble, excellent, and glorious consent from me.

King. As he has your Consent, so may it go well with me, and may bring him safe back again to us.

But you, Prince Hamlet, we wish you most of all to be contented. See how your mother grieues and is rendered unhappy by your constant melancholy. We have heard too that you have determined to return to the Uninersity of Wittenburg. We pray you for your mother's sake to abandon such an intention. Remain here at our court, we pray you. For we love you and love to have you near us, and are solicitous that no mischance befall you. Or if you wish not to keep yourself at our court, go to your hereditary Kingdom of Norway.

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
 The head is not more native to the hart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
 Your leaue and fauor to returne to Fraunce,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
 To shewe my dutie in your Coronation;
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
 And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Palo. Hath my Lord wrong from me my flowe leaue
 By labourfome petition, and at last
 Vpon his will I feald my hard consent,

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the cloudes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
 And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
 Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
 Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
 Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
 Pasing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be
 Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
 Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
 Nor custumary suites of solemble blacke

Nor windie fuspuration of forft breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiefted hauior of the vifage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can deuote me truly, thefe indeede fee me,
For they are actions that a man might play.
But I haue that within which paffes fhewe
Thefe but the trappings and the fruites of woe.

King. Tis fweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue thefe mourning duties to your father
But you muft knowe your father loft a father,
That father loft, loft his, and the furuiuer bound
In filliall obligation for fome tearme
To doe obfequious forrowe, but to perfeuer
In obftinate condolement, is a courfe
Of impious ftubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It fhowes a will moft incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderftanding fimple and vnſchoold
For what we knowe muft be, and is as common

As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
Why ſhould we in our peuiſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent

Queen. My much beloued son, Prince Hamlet, it greatly astonishes me that you haue decided to leaue us here, and to betake yourself to Wittenberg. Thou knowest well that we mouern your royal father so lately dead, and that, if you leaue vs, it will add to our grief. Dearest son, then remain here, and demand without restraint whatsoever may please and delight you.

Hamlet. I will obey you with all my heart, and will remain.

King. Do so, dearest Prince. We haue, howener, determined to hold a carouse, whereby our dearest spouse may forget her melancholy. But you, Prince Hamlet, and the other nobles, must shew yourselves cheerful. For the present, howener, we must make an end of our festinities, for the day is coming on to put to flight the black night. Thee, howener, my dearest consort, I must follow to your bed-chamber.

Come, let vs, hand in hand and arm in arm embrace.
Enjoying the sweet pledge of quiet loue a space.

In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*.
 It is most retrogard to our desire.
 And we beseech you bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefeft courtier, cofin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
 I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
 No iocund health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
 But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell.
 And the Kings rowle the heauen shall brute againe,
 Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florish.* *Exeunt all,*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
 Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,
 Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
 His cannon gainst feale slaughter, o God, God,
 How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
 Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
 That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
 Possesse it meere that it should come thus

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two.
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 Hyperion to a satyre, so louing to my mother,
 That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
 Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
 Must I remember, why she should hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had growne
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
 Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
 A little month or ere those shooes were old

King. Dearest consort, how comes it that you are so sad. You are our Queen. We love you, and all the kingdom is yours. What is it that troubles you?

Queen. My King, I am greatly troubled at the melancholy of my son Hamlet. He is my only prince; and this it is that pains me.

King. Still melancholy? We will call in all the wisest physicians of our realm, that they may relieve him.

Second Sentinel. Who's there?

Hamlet. Hush!

Second Sentinel. Who's there?

Hamlet. Hush!

Second Sentinel. Answer, or I'll teach you better manners.

Hamlet. A friend.

Second Sentinel. What friend?

Hamlet. Friend to the kingdom.

Francisco. By my life it is the Prince.

Horatio. Your Highness—is it you or not?

Hamlet. What! you here, Horatio? What brings you?

With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, o most wicked speede; to post
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Horatio. Your Highness, I have gone the rounds to see that every one is at his post.

Hamlet. That's like an honest soldier: for on you rests the safety of the King and kingdom.

Horatio. Your Highness, a strange thing has happened. Regularly every quarter of an hour a ghost appears; and, to my mind, he is very like the late King—your father. He frightens the sentinels terribly.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeepe my Lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall ba'kt meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent care till I may deliuer
Vpon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvail to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead waite and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemn march,
Goes flowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes
Within his tronchions length, whilst they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time

Hamlet. I hope not, for the souls of the good rest quietly till the time of their resurrection.

Horatio. Yet, so it is. I've seen it myself.

Francisco. And he has frightened me, Your Highness.

Second Sentinel. And he has given me a box on the ear.

Hamlet. What is the time?

Francisco. Midnight.

Hamlet. Good!—it is just the time when ghosts, when they walk, love to show themselves.

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparifion comes; I knewe your father,

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watch.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp its head, and did addresse

Itselfe to motion like as it would speake:

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in haile away

And vanished from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd fay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had bene there.

Hora. It would haue much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haft might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisled, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene fit in his life
A fable filuer'd.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hether to conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
He visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell,
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Til then fit still my foule, fonde deeds will rise
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eyes.

Erit.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are imbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assisstant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, fweete, not lasting,
The perfume and fuppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. Not more but fo.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward feruice of the minde and foule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you muft feare,

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualeded perfons doe,
Carue for himfelfe, for on his choife depends
The fafty and health of this whole ftate,
And therefore muft his choife be circumfcribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
It fits your wifdome fo farre to belieue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his faying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loffe your honor may fustaine
If with too credent eare you lift his fongs
Or loofe your hart, or your chafte treafure open
To his vnmaftred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my dear fifter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the fhott and danger of defire,
"The charieft maide is prodigall inough
If ſhe vnmaske her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it felfe fcapcs not calumnious ftrokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the fpring
Too oft before their buttons be difclofd,

And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent,
 Bewary then, best safety lies in feare,
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Does not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
 Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine
 Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes?* a bord a bord for shame,
 The wind fits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these fewe precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
 But doe not dull thy palms with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage, beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
 Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
 Take each mans censure, but referue thy judgment,
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
 Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,

And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must followe as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruents tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
 And you yourfelfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought
 Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Giuen priuate time to you, and you yourfelfe
 Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You doe not vnderstand yourfelfe so cleerely
 As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
 What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speak like a greene girle
 Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
 Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke yourfelfe a babie
 That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling, tender yourfelfe more dearly
 Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
 Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashon.

Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the foule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light than heat, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scarier of your maiden preference
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tide may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shewe
But meere implorators of vnholie fuites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Haue you so flaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is ftrooke.

The Platform.

[*Healts again.*]

Hamlet. Ha!—what is that?

Horatio.—I fancy it is the Court still drinking healths.

Hamlet. Right, Horatio! My Lord and father and uncle makes himself merry with his followers.

Alas, Horatio, I know not how it is that since my father's death I am always so fick at heart; while my royal mother has already forgotten him, and the King still sooner: for while I was in Germany he had himself crowned with all haste in Denmark. But to assume some sort of show of title he has made over to me the Crown of Norway, and appealed to the will of the States.

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the feason,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. *A flourish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2 peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King, doth wake to night and takes his rowle.
Keepes waffell and the fwagging vp-fpring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift,
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruence.
This heauy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phraze
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our achiueements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attributes,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forms of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Look my Lord it comes.

Hamlet. Speak! say who thou art, and what thou desirest.

Ghost. Hamlet.

Hamlet. Sir.

Ghost. Hamlet.

Hamlet. What desirest thou?

Second Sentinel. Ha!—here's the ghost again.

Horatio. Does Your Highness see now?

Francisco. Don't be frightened, your Highness.

[*Ghost crosses the stage and beckons to Hamlet.*

Hamlet. The ghost beckons me. Gentlemen, stand aside awhile. Horatio, do not go far away from here. I will follow the ghost and ascertain what he wants. [*Exit.*

Horatio. Gentlemen; let us follow him to see that he suffer no harm. [*Exeunt. Ghost beckons Hamlet to the middle of the stage and opens his jaws several times.*

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st such a questionable shape,
 That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royall Dane, o answere mee,
 Let me not burft in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones heard in death
 Haue burft their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe, what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele
 Reuifites thus the glimpses of the Moone,
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckins.

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
 It waues you to a more remooued ground,
 But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
 And for my soule, what can it doe to that
 Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
 It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my,
 Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
 That bettles ore his bafe into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible forme

Ghost. Hear me, Hamlet, for the time approaches when I must give myself back to the place whence I have come. Hear and give heed to what I shall relate.

Hamlet. Speak, thy departed shade of my royal Lord and father.

Ghost. Then hear. Son Hamlet, what I have to tell you is thy father's unnatural death.

Hamlet. What! unnatural death!

Ghost. Ah! unnatural death! Know that I had the habit to which

Which might depriue your foueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes fo many fadoms to the sea
And hears it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nameon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.
By heauen Ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,
I fay away, goe on. Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoft and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what iffue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke,

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghoft, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile go no further,
Ghoft.—Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoft. My houre is almost come
When I to fulphrus and tormenting flames.
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but leend they ferious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit,
Doomed for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confined to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away; but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, o liſt:
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father love.

Ham. O God.

Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt unnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo'the whole eare of Denmarke.
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Ranckely abuſed: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life

nature had accustomed me to go in my roial pleasure-garden every day after dinner, and there to sleep for an hbor. One day my brother, thirsting for my crown, and had with him the subtle ivice of ebenon. This oil, or ivice, has the following effect: As soon as a few drops of it mix with the blood of a man, they, immediate, clog the passages of life and destroy life. This ivice, while I was asleep, he poured into my ear; as soon as it reached my head, I died at once; wherevpon it was ginen out that I had died of a violent apoplegh.

So was I robbed

Now wears his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke foule! my Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuouſ, that adulterate beaſt,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
 So to ſeducer; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
 The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
 O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
 From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
 I made to her in marriage and to decline
 Vpon a wretch whoſe natural gifts were poore,
 To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued.
 Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen.
 So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
 Will ſort itſelfe in a celeſtial bed.
 And pray on garbage.
 But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the morning ayre,
 Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard.
 My cuſtome alwayſ of the afternoone,
 Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
 With iuyce of curled Hebona in a viall,
 And in the porches of my ears did poure
 The leaprouſ deſtilment, whoſe effect
 Holds ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,
 That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
 And curds like eager droppings into milke,
 The thin and whoſome blood; ſo did it mine,
 And a moſt inſtant tetter barckt about
 Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome craft.
 All my ſmooth body.
 Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,

of my life of my kingdom and of my wife all at the same time by this Tyrant!

Hamlet. Just Heavens! if this be true I swear to renege you.

Ghost. I cannot rest until my unnatural murder be reneged.

[*Exit.*

Hamlet. I swear that I will not rest until I have had my renege on this fratricide.

Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off euen in the bloffomes of my finne,
 Vnhuzled, difappointed, unanuel'd,
 No reckning made, but fent to my account
 Withal my imperfections on my hand,
 O horrible, o horrible, moft horrible.
 If thou haft nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
 A couch for luxury and damned inceft.
 But howfomeuer thou purfues this act,
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy foule contriue
 Againft thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
 And to thofe thornes that in her bofome lodge
 To prick and fting, her, fare thee well at once,
 The Gloworme fhewes the matine to be neere.
 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 Adiew, Adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoft of heauen, o earth, what els,
 And fhall I couple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,
 And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
 But beare me fwiftly vp; remember thee,
 I thou poore Ghoft whiles memory holds a feate
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
 All fawes of books, all forms, all preffures paft
 That youth and obfervation coppied there
 And thy commandement all alone fhall liue,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine
 Vnmixt with bafer matter, yes by haueu,
 O moft pernicious woman,
 O villaine, villaine, fmiling damned villaine,
 My tables, meet it is I fet it downe
 That one may fmile, and fmile, and be a villaine,
 At leaft I am fure it may be fo in Denmarke.

Horatio. How is it with Your Highness? Why so terror-stricken?
Hast thou perchance been disturbed?

Hamlet. Yes, indeed; beyond all measure.

Horatio. Has Your Highness seen the ghost?

Hamlet. Aye! truly—seen and spoken to it.

Horatio. O Heavens! this bodes something strange.

Hamlet. He has revealed to me a horrible thing; therefore I pray
you, gentlemen, stand by me in a matter that calls for vengeance.

So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue fworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

Hora. What news my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueal it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How fay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be fecret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no Ghoft my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And fo without more circumftance at all
I hold it fit that we fhake hands and part,
You, as your bufines and defire fhall poynt you.
For euery man hath bufines and defire
Such as it is, and for my own poore part.
I will go pray.

Hora. Thefe are but wilde and whuiling words my Lord.

Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Horatio. You are sorely conuinc'd of my faithfulness, only tell me.

Francisco. Your Highness cannot doubt as to my help.

Hamlet. Gentlemen, before I reueal the matter you must swear an oath on your truth and honor.

Francisco. Your Highness knows the love I bear you. I will willingly risk my life if you can haue your reuenge.

Horatio. But thou the oath to vs, and we will stand by you as true men.

Hamlet. Then, lay your finger on my sword—"We swear."

Horatio and Francisco. We swear.

Ghost (within). We swear.

Hamlet. Holla!—what is this? swear again.

Horatio and Francisco. We swear.

Ghost. We swear.

Hamlet. What is this? It is an echo which sends back to the reborn'd of our words. Come, we will go to another spot. We swear.

Hora. There's no offense my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick*, but there is *Horatio*,
And much offense to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremafter as you may, and now good friends.
As you are friends, schollars and fouldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'st my Lord, we will

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but fwear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my fword.

Mar. We haue fworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my fword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'ft thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellows in the Sellerige.
Consent to fweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham & vbiqye, then weele shift our ground;
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my fword,
Sweare by my fword.

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his fword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast.
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Hamlet. O I now hear what this means. It seems that the ghost of my father is displeased at my making the matter known. Gentlemen, I pray you, leave me; to-morrow I will reveal everything.

Horatio and Francisco. Farewell, Your Highness. [*Exit Francisco.*]

Hamlet. Horatio, come hither.

Horatio. What is your Highness' will?

Hamlet. Has the other gone?

Horatio. He has.

Hamlet. I know, Horatio, that thou hast at all times been true to me, so I will reveal to you what the Ghost has told me, namely, that my father died a violent death. My father—he who is now my father—has murdered him.

Horatio. O Heavens! what do I hear?

Hamlet. Thou knowest, Horatio, that my dear departed father's custom was every day after his dinner to sleep an hour in his summer-house. The villain, knowing this, comes to my father and pours into his ear, whilst he slept, the juice of hemlock, under which my father's spirit departed. This the accursed dog did in order to obtain the crown; and now from this moment I will put on an affected madness, and in my affectation so skilfully play my part that I shall find an opportunity to avenge my father's death.

Horatio. If so it is to be, I pledge myself to be true to Your Highness.

Hamlet. Horatio, I will so avenge myself on this ambitious and adulterous murderer that posterity shall speak of it till eternity. I will now go and dissemble and bide my time until I find opportunity to work my revenge. [*Exeunt.*]

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*.
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so help you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phraze,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Of if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your Most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit; so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is.
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you.
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, o curfed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him his money, and these notes. *Reynaldo.*

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruils wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you fir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question.
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticular demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heeds of that,
But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall flips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, fwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonor him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breaks of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry fir, heer's my drift.
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fallies on my sonne.

As t'were a thing a little foyld with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be affur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good fir, (or fo,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phraze, or the addiftion
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then fir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something.
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or took in's rowfe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falsehood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wifedome, and of reach,
With windleffes, and with affaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lectures and aduise

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Ophelia. Alas, father, protect me!

Corambus. What is it, my child?

Ophelia. Alas, father! Prince Hamlet importunes me. He lets me have no peace.

Corambus. Make yourself eash, my daughter. He has not done anything else, has he?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was fowing in my cloffet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What faid he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to fuch perufall of my face
As a would draw it, long ftay'd he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raifd a figh so pittious and profound
As it did feeme to fhatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his fhoulder turn'd
Hee feem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the laft bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe feeke the King,
This is the very extracie of loue,
Whofe violent propertie fordoos it felfe,
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen

That dooes afflict our natures : I am forry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His acceffe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ieloufice :
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our felues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack discretion ; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More grieffe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Florisht. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and

Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Guyldensterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Refembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of : I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

I

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And fure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiesties
Might by the foueraigne power you haue of vs.
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guy. But we both obey.
And here giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks *Rofencraus* and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rofencrans*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guy. Heauens make our preface and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Rof. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returned.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duties as I hold my foule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine

Hunts not the trayle of policie so fure
As it hath vfd to doe, that I haue found

The very caufe of *Hamlets* lunacie:

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Giue firft admittance to th'embaffadors,
My newes fhall be the fruite to that great feaft.

King. Thy felfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and fource of all your fonnes diftemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haftie marriage.

Enter Embaffadors.

King. Well, we fhall lift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Moft faire returne of greetings and defires;
Vpon our firft, he fent out to fuppreffe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation againft the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againft your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That fo his ficknes, age, and impotence
Was falfly borne in hand, fends out arrefts
On *Fortenbraffe*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes againft your Maieftie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threefcore thoufand crownes in anull fee.
And his commiffion to imploy thofe fouldiers
So leuied (as before) againft the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further fhone,
That it might please you to giue quiet uaffe
Through your dominions for this enterprife
On fuch regards of fafety and allowance
As therein are fet downe.

King. It likes vs well,

Corambus. News, my gracious Lord King.

King. What news?

Corambus. Prince Hamlet is mad; mad as ever the Greeke madman.

Corambus. Because he has lost his wits.

King. And why is he mad?

King. Where has he lost his wits?

Corambus. That's more than I know. He that has found them may perhaps know.

Oh, now I know why Prince Hamlet is mad. He is certainly in lone with my daughter.

King. Can lone then, make a man mad?

Corambus. No doubt, my gracious Lord and King, lone is full strong enough to make a man mad. I remember myself when I was young how it plagued me—it made me as mad as a March hare. But I take no note of it. I like better to sit by my fireplace, and count out my red coins, and drink Your Majesty's health.

And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
 Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
 Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
 Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,
 Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This busines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
 What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waite night, day, and time,
 Therefore breuitie is the foule of wit,
 And tediousnes the lymmes and outward flourishes,
 I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:
 Mad call it, for to define true madnes,
 What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
 But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
 And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
 Perpend,
 I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the starres are fire,
Doubt thou the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer.
But neuer doubt I loue.

Letter.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
 my grones, but that I loue thee best, o most best belieue it, adew.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me. (*Hamlet.*

And more about hath his folicitings
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
 When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
 As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
 Before my daughter told me, what might you,
 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
 If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke.
 Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
 Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
 What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
 And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
 This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
 That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
 Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
 Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a wath, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to lightnes and by this declension,
 Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
 And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

King. Cannot we see with our own eyes his raving and madness?

Corambus. Yes, Your Majesty. We will just move a little aside, and my daughter shall show him the jewel of which he has made her a present, and then Your Majesty can see his madness. [They hide.]

Quee. It may be very like

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loofe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no afsistant for a state
But keepe a farne and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kising carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blefsing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend look to't.

Pol. How fay you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Between who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders fir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & pluntree gum, & that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honestly to haue it thus fet downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of, I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guyldersterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you fir.

Guyld. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Guyldersterne*?
A Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Rof. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guy. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,
 We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Rof. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-

Guy. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the secreet parts of Forfortune, oh most true, she is a
 What newes? (trumpet,

Rof. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
 But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonoure*?

Rof. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thanke
 you, and fure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpenny:
 were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-
 on? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guy. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there
 is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties haue not
 craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue
 sent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the
 rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the
 obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a
 better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with
 me whether you were sent for or no.

Rof. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not of.

Guy. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, fo shall my anticipation preuent your difcouery, and your fecrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loft all my mirth, forgon all cuftome of exercifes: and indeede it goes fo heauily with my difpofition, that this goodly frame the earth, feemes to mee a fterill promontorie, this moft excellent Canopei the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiefticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peftilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reafon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how exprefse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehenfion, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Aunimales; and yet to me, what is this Quinteffence of duft: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your fmiling, you feeme to fay fo.

Rof. My Lord, there was no fuch ftuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I fayd man delights not me.

Rof. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players fhall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you feruice.

Ham. He that playes the King fhall be welcome, his Maieftie fhall haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight fhall vfe his foyle and target, the Louer fhall not figh gratis, the humorus Man fhall end his part in peace, and the Lady fhall fay her minde freely: or the black verfe fhall hault for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen thofe were wont to take fuch delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they trauaile? their refidence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Doe they hold the fame eftimation they did when I was in the City; are they fo followed.

Rof. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very ftrange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guy. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashon and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Corambus. News, my gracious Lord! the actors are come.

Hamlet. When Marius Roscius was an actor in Rome, that was a fine time.

Corambus. Ha! ha! ha! Your Highness is always bantering.

Hamlet. O Jephtha, Jephtha, what a fair daughter had'st thou!

Corambus. Your Highness always will be harping on my daughter.

Hamlet. Well, old man; let the master of the actor company come in.

Corambus. It shall be so. [*Exit.*]

Guy. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is South-therly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his fwadling clouts.

Rof. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they fay an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You fay right fir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historically Pastorall, scene indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had't thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the whole he loued pasing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pasing well.)

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paffe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shoue you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Carl. May the Gods euer bestow on Your Highness blessings, luck, and health.

Hamlet. Thanks, my friend! What can I do for you?

Carl. With leaue, your Highness, we are foreign High German actors. Our wish was to haue had the priuilege of acting at His Majesty's wedding. But Fortune turned her back, and only contrary winds their face, towards us. so we now ask of your Highness leaue to perform, that our long iourney shall not haue been made in vain.

Hamlet. Were you not, some hears ago, at the Uniuersity of Wittenberg? I thinke I saw you act there.

Carl. Yes, your Highness. We are the same company.

Hamlet. Haue you still got the whole company?

Carl. We are not so strong, since some students took appointments in Hamburg. Still we are enough for many pleasant Comedies and Tragedies.

Hamlet. Can you giue vs a play this nery night?

Carl. Yes, your Highness, we are strong enough and in practice enough for that.

Hamlet. Haue you still the three actresses with you? They used to act well.

Carl. No, only two. One stayed behind with her husband at the Court of Saxony.

Hamlet. When you were at Wittenberg you performed Comedies nery well; only you had some fellows among you who had good clothes but dirty shirts, and some who had boots but no spurs.

Carl. Your Highness, it is generally a hard matter to get enerything. Perhaps, they thought they could not ride.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is vantage since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistress, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech fraite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a pafsionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallies in the lines, to make the matter fauory, nor no matter in the phraze that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Primas* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirrhus* like Th'ircanian beaft, tis not so, it begins with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
 When he lay couched in th'omyonous horse,
 Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
 With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
 Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
 Bak'd and empasted with the parching streets
 That lend a tirranus and a damned light
 To their Lords murther, roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus ore-cifed with coagulate gore,

Hamlet. I am a great lover of your art and only speak to you for the best; for it is a mirror in which one may see one's own faults. Listen. You acted at Wittenberg a piece about King Pir-, Pir-, something like Pyr-?

Carl. Ah! it was perhaps one about the great King Pyrrhus.

Hamlet. Very likely; but I am not quite sure.

Carl. Would your Highness name a character in it, or say what it was about?

Hamlet. It was about one brother murdering another in a garden.

Carl. That's the piece. Did not the King's brother pour poison into the King's ear?

Hamlet. He did. That's it. Can you play that piece this evening?

Carl. O yes, easily enough, for there are not many characters.

Hamlet. Well, then, get the stage ready in the great hall. If you want any boards, get them of the Master Mechanic; if anything from the armoury, in the way of clothes, ask the Master of the Robes or

With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pirrhhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhhus* eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerrent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance fets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou trumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall finod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

the steward. We wish you to have whatener you desire. Care for them well.

Corambus. Aye, aye. I'll treat them as they deserve.

Hamlet. Treat them, I say, well; for there is no greater praise to be got than through actors. They travel far and wide. If treated well in one place, they cannot crack too much of it in another; for their stage is a little world wherein they represent about all that takes place in the great world. They reviveth the old forgotten histories, and set before us good examples; they publish abroad the justice and praiseworthy government of princes; punish vice; exalt virtue; praise the good, and show how tyranny is punished. Therefore should you treat them well.

Corambus. Well, they shall have their reward as they are such great people. Farewell, Your Highness. [Exit.]

Ham. It fhall to the barbers with your beard; prethee fay on, he's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he fleepes, fay on, come to *Hecuba*

Play. But who, a woe, had feene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With *Bifon* rehome, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem ftood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had feene, with tongue in venom fteept,
Gainft fortunes ftate would treason haue pronounft;
But if the gods themfelues did fee her then,
When fhe faw *Pirrhus* make malicious fport
In mincing with his fword her hufband limmes,
The infantburft of clamor that fhe made,
Vnleffe things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And pafion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee fpeake out the reft of this foone,
Good my Lord will you fee the players well beftowed; doe you heare, let them be well vfed, for they are the abfttraçt and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their defert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vfe euery man after his defert, & who fhall fcape whipping, vfe them after your owne honor and dignity, the leffe they deferue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come fir.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee le heare a play to morrowe; doft thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Carl. We humbly thank your Highness for these favours; and will
set about it at once. Adieu, Sire. *[Exit.*

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dozen lines, or fixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elfonoure*.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Rof. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pefant flauie am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafsion
Could force his foule fo to his owne conceit
That from her working all the vifage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diftraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function futing
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he fhould weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for pafsion
That I haue? he would drowne the ftage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid fpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my caufe,
And can fay nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and moft deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a croffe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nofe, giues me the lie i'th throat
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I fhould take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

Hamlet. These actors come most opportunely. Horatio, keep an eye on the King, and see whether he turn pale or change colour; for if he do, he has done the deed. These players, with their feigned stories, often put on the truth. I'll tell you a case in point. It happened in Germany, near Stratsburg. A wife had murdered her husband by piercing him through the heart with a shoemaker's awl; and then, with the help of her paramour, buried him under the doorstep. So matters rested for nine long years; indeed, until certain actors came that way and acted a tragedy containing a similar murder. The wife, who was sitting with her paramour at the play, was pricked in her conscience and began to cry aloud and to shriek "Woe is me! that touches me! so it was that I killed my husband." She tore her hair, ran out of the theatre to the judge and confessed the murder, and, as her story was found to be true, she, in deep repentance for her crime, received the consolations of a priest, and, in true contrition, surrendered herself to the executioner and commended her soul to God. Perhaps my uncle-father would thus be led to expiation, if he be guilty. Come, Horatio, we will go and await the King. Pray, however, take note of everything, for I must play a part.

Horatio. Your Highness, I will bid my eyes keep a sharp look out.
[*Exeunt.*]

To make opprefion bitter, or ere this
 I fhould a fatted all the region kytes
 With this flaues offall, bloody bawdy villaine,
 Why what an Affe am I, this is moft braue,
 That I the fonne of a deere murdered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Muft like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
 And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a itallyon, fie vppont, foh.
 About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
 That guilty creatures fitting at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the fcene,
 Beene frooke fo to the foule, that prefently
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murder, though it haue no tongue will fpeake
 With moft miraculous organ: Ile haue thefe Players
 Play fomething like the murder of my father
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obferue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
 I know my courfe. The fpirit that I haue feene
 May be a deale, and the deale hath power
 T'affume a pleafing fhape, yea, and perhaps,
 Out of my weaknes, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with fuch fpirits,
 Abufes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
 More relative then this, the play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the confcience of the King.

Exit.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyl-
 denſterne, Lords.*

King. An can you by no dirt of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
 Grating fo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Rof. He dooes confeſſe he feelles himſelfe diſtracted,
 But from what cauſe, a will by no meanes ſpeake.

Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
 But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe

When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition,

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you affay him to any pastime?

Rof. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Majesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Rof. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt Rof. & Guy.

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and myselfe,

Wee'le fo bestow our felues, that feeling vnfeene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, fo shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious fo please you.

We will bestow our felues; reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe fugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him coming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a confumation

Ophelia. I pray Your Highness to take back the jewel with which
you presented me.

Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
 When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
 Muſt giue vs pause, there's the reſpect
 That makes calamitie of ſo long life:
 For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
 Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
 The pangs of deſpiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
 The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
 That patient merrit of th'vulnerable takes,
 When he himſelfe might his quietas make
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
 To grunt and ſweat vnder a wearie life,
 But that the dread of ſomething after death,
 The vndiscover'd country, from whoſe borne
 No traailer returnes, puzzels'the will,
 And makes vs rather beare thoſe ills we haue,
 Then flie to others that we know not of,
 Thus conſcience dooes make cowards,
 And thus the native hiew of reſolution
 Is fickled ore with the pale caſt of thought,
 And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 And looſe the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
 How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My lord, I haue remembrances of yours
 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
 I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd
 As made theſe things more rich, their perfume loſt,

Hamlet. What, girl! dost thou want a husband? Get thee away from me—no, come back. Fear, girl; you young women do nothing but lead the young men astray. Your beauty you buy of the apothecaries and peddlers. Listen: I will tell you a story. There was once on a time a knight in Arion, who fell in love with a lady, who, to look at, was the Goddess Venus. Somewhen, when the bedtime came, the bride went first, and began to undress herself. So first she took out an eye which had been fixed in very cunningly; then her front teeth, made of ivory, so well that the like were not to be seen; then she washed herself, and away went all the paint she had daubed herself with. And now, when the husband came at last to embrace her, the moment he saw her he shrank back, for he thought he had seen a sceptre. And so it is that such as you take in the young fellows. So listen to me. But stay, girl! No—go! but not to a nunnery where two pairs of slippers be at the bedside. [Exit.

Take theſe againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt & faire, you ſhould admit
no diſcourſe to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerſe
Then with honeſtie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transforme honeſtie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honeſtie can tranſlate beautie into his likenes, this was ſometime a paradox, but now the time giues it prooſe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot ſo enoculat our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it, I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'ſt thou be a breeder of finners, I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe mee of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them ſhape, or time to aſt them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you ſweet heauens.

Corambus. Is he not perfectly and veritably mad, my gracious Lord and King?

King. Corambus, leaue vs. When we haue need of thee we will send for thee. [*Exit Corambus.*] We haue seen this madnes and ranging of the Prince's with wonder. But it seems to us that this is not genuine madnes, but, rather affectation of it. We must contriue that he be got rid of; otherwise harm may come of this sort of thing.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them; to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & ambel, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most reiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, o woe is mee
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit,

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he speake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness, there's something in his foule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclosure
VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination

Hamlet. It is better to haue all the properties. Vnt pardon me and listen. You do not alwayes haue the chance of hearing your critic's opinion of you. Some of them had silk stockings and white shoes, but black hats on their heads; and about as many feathers below as aboue. I think they must haue gone to bed with them for nightcaps. That's bad, but easily altered; and tell some of them that when they act the part of a king or a prince they should not leer when they pay compliments to ladies, or strut like peacocks or Spanish Hidalgos. Rant loughs at such things. Natural ease is the best. He who plays a king must fancy that during the play he is a king; and a peasant must be a peasant.

Carl. I take your Highness correction with humble respect. We will try to do better for the future.

Thus fet it downe: he fhall with fpeede to *England*,
 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
 Haply the fea, and countries different,
 With variable obiects, fhall expell
 This fomething fetled matter in his hart,
 Whereon his braines ftill beating
 Puts him thus from fafhion of himfelfe.
 What thinke you on't?

Pol. It fhall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
 Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?
 You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* faid,
 We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
 To fhew his griefe, let her be round with him,
 And Ile be plac'd (fo please you) in the care
 Of all their conference, if ſhe find him not,
 To *England* fend him: or confine him where
 Your wifedome beſt fhall thinke.

King. It fhall be fo,
 Madneſſe in great ones muſt not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vie all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, o it offends mee to the foule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-pated fellow tere a paſſion to totters, to very rags, to ſpleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſhowes, and noyſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. My excellent friend Horatio, it is through this pretended madnes that I hope for an opportunity of reuenging my father's death. You know, howener, that my father is always surrounded by guards. So it may miscarry. Should you chance to find my dead body, let it be honorably buried: for at the first occasion I will match myself against him.

Horatio. I entreat Your Highness to do no such thing. It may be that the Ghost has deceined you.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, fute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preffure; Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, muft in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others, O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Chrifians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is fet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to fet on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to hasten the,

Ros. I my Lord.

Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.*

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een as iust a man.

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haft but thy good spirits

Hamlet. O no! his words were too plain. I cannot but believe him. But what news is the fool bringing now?

Hamlet. Come, Horatio, I am going; and from this hour, all my thought shall be to find the King alone, that I may take his life as he has taken my father's.

Horatio. My Lord, be prudent, lest you yourself should come to harm.

Hamlet. These actors come just in time. I will use them to test the Ghost; whether or no it has told the truth. I have seen a tragedy acted wherein one brother kills another in a garden; this they shall act. If the King change color, that will verify what the Ghost says.

I shall, I must, I will revenge the murderous fact.

If not by stratagem, I will break out in act.

To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
 No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
 Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 S'hath feald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
 Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
 Whose blood and iudgment are so well comedled,
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
 To found what stop she please; giue me that man
 That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
 In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
 There is a play to night before the King,
 One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
 I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
 Euen with the very comment of thy soule
 Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
 Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
 And my imaginations are as foule
 As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,
 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face.
 And after we will both our iudgements ioine
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord,

If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
 And scape detected, I will play the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
 Get you a place.

King. My most dear consort. I trust that you will now give over your sorrowing and let pleasure take its place. For there will now be before supper a comedy by the German actors, followed after supper by a grand ballet.

Queen. I shall be happy to witness these entertainments. But, as for myself, I am filled with a foreboding of something, I know not what, that approaches swiftly.

King. Be at peace. Prince Hamlet, we understand that some actors have arrived to present a comedy to us this evening—is it not so?

Hamlet. Yes, father. They asked permission of me and I have gave it, and Your Majesty will, I trust, approve my acts.

King. What kind of a plot is it? There is nothing offensive or vulgar in it, I hope.

Hamlet. The plot is a good one. It cannot effect us whose consciences are not effected by it.

King. Well, where are they. Let them hasten. We will be glad to see what Germans can do.

Hamlet. Marshall—Let the actors begin as soon as they are ready.

King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,
Promifcram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet*,
Thefe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuerfitie you fay,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Rof. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady ſhall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord.

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what ſhould a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a
fute of fables; o heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a
yeere, but her Lady a muſt build Churches then, or els ſhall a ſuffer

Here enter the play. The King and Queen enter lovingly together. He makes as if about to lie down to sleep and the Queen seems to beg him not to do so. He, however, lies down and presently falls asleep. After he is asleep the Queen kisses him—and exit. The King's brother enters, pours something into the King's ear from a small bottle—and exit.

not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for a, for o, the hobby-horfe is forgot.

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbes shew followes:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him; anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes a passionate action, the poyfner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyfner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you afham'd to shew, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your clemence,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
 And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
 About the world haue times twelue thirties been
 Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
 Vnite comutual in most sacred bands.

Queen. So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
 Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
 But woe is me, you are, fo ficke of late,
 So farre from cheere, and from our former fiate,
 That I diftrust you, yet though I diftrust,
 Difcomfort you my Lord it nothing muft.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
 Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is fo,
 Where loue is great, the littleft doubts are feare,
 Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I muft leaue thee loue, and fhortly to,
 My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
 And thou fhalt liue in this faire world behind,
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
 For husband fhalt thou.

Quee. O confound the reft,
 Such loue muft needs be treason in my brest,
 In fecond husband let me be accurst,
 None wed the fecond, but who kild the firft,
 The instances that fecond marriage moue
 Are bafe respects of thrift, but none of loue,
 A fecond time I kill my husband dead,
 When fecond husband kifses me in bed.

Ham. That's
 wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you fpeake,
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 Purpofe is but the flauie to memorie,
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
 Which now the fruits vnripe fticks on the tree,
 But fall vnfhaken when they mellow bee.
 Moft necefsary tis that we forget
 To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,
 What to our felues in pafion we propofe,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
 The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
 Their owne ennaçtures with themselues destroy,
 Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
 Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
 That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
 For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,
 The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
 For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begunne,
 Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
 That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
 So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when they first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
 Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy,
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
 Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Hamlet. This is King Pyrrus, who goes into the garden to sleep. The Queen begs him not to do so, but nevertheless he lies down. The poor little wife goes away. See, there comes the brother of the King with juice of Hebanon. He pouds it into the King's ear. Hebanon, as soon as it mixes with the blood of a man, kills him instantly.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonsago* is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your loue

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Confiderat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonsago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonsagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

King. Torches, lanterns, here! The play does not please me.

Cov. Pages, attendants! light the torches. The King desires to depart. Hurry, light those lights. The actors have made a bad mess of things.

Exeunt King, Queen, Corambis and the Court.

Hamlet (mocking): Torches here! The play does not please us! Now you see the ghost did not lie to me! Horatio! Now Actors you can take your leave. The King was displeased, it seems, before you had concluded the piece, but we are entirely satisfied, and Horatio will pay you your earnings just the same.

Carl. We thank you, and desire that our passports be given us.

[*Exeunt the Actors.*]

Hamlet. You shall have them. Now I can proceed with my revenge confidently. Did you see how the King changed color when he perceived the drift of the play?

Horatio. Yes, Your Highness. I regard the proof as conclusive!

Hamlet. And so my father was murdered, just as the play describes. But I will be quits with the murderer.

Cor. The actors will get a poor reward for their acting has intensely displeased the King.

Ham. The worse they are rewarded by the King, the better they will be rewarded by Heaven.

Corambus. Your Highness, do actors really get into Heaven?

Hamlet. Think you, you old fool, that they won't find a corner there? Be off, and treat them well.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere

This Realme difmantled was

Of *Ioue* himfelfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did't perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldenstern.

Guy. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guy. The King fir.

Ham. I fir, what of him?

Guy. Is in his retirement meruillous distempred.

Ham. With drinke fir?

Guy. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wifdome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guy. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And itare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame fir, pronounce.

Guy. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede,
if it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe
your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne,
shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but fir, such
answere as I can make, you shall command or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rof. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is
there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you
any further trade with vs?

Rof. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is your cause of diftemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe for your fucceffion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is something mufty, o the Recorders, let mee fee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe befeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne thefe ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil difcoursfe moft eloquent mufique, looke you, thefe are the stops.

Guil. But thefe cannot I command to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would feeeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my miftery, you would found mee from my loweft note to my compaffe and there is much mufique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it fpeak, s'hloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what inftument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you fir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would fpeake with you, & prefently.

Ham. Do you fee yonder clowd that's almoft in fhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th mafse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The foule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them feales neuer my foule consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiffion will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth houely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyld. We will our selues provide.
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon you Maiestie,

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cefse of Maiestie

An altar in a Temple. King. Now begins my conscience to awaken; the remorse for my treachery stings deep. It is time that I turn to repentance, and confess to Heaven my crime. I fear my guilt is too great for forgiveness. But I will pray to the Gods fervently to forgive my grievous sins. *[Kneels before the altar.]*

Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
 What's neere it, with it, or it is a malsie wheele
 Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
 To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand leffer things
 Are morteift and adioynd, which when it falls,
 Each small annexment petty consequence
 Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
 Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray to this speedy viage,
 For we will fetters put about this feare
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Rof. We will haft vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clofet,
 Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe.
 To heare the proceffe, I'll warrant shee'll tax him home,
 And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,
 Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
 Since nature makes them parcial, should ore-heare
 The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
 I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
 And tell you what I knowe.

Exit.

King. Thanks deere my Lord.
 O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
 It hath the primall eldest curfe vppont,
 A brothers murther, pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
 And like a man to double busines bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
 And both neglect, what if this curfed hand
 Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood
 Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
 To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this two fold force,

Thus long haue I followed the damned dog, and now I haue found him. Now is the time, when he is alone. I will take his life while—— [*makes motion to stab him*]. But no. I will first let him finish his prayer. Ha, when I thinke of it, he did not giue my father time for prayer, but sent him to Hell sleeping and, perhaps, in his sins. Therefore will I send him to the same place [*again offers to run him through from behind*]. But hold, Hamlet. Why shouldst thou take his sins vpon thee? I will let him end his prayer, and escape this time, and giue him his life: at some other time I will haue my full reuenge. [*Exit.*]

King. My conscience is somewhat lightened; but still the dog lies gnawing at my heart. Now will I go hence, and with fastings and alms and feruent prayers reconcile the Highest. Cursed ambition, to what hast thou brought me! [*Exit.*]

To be foretalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon being downe, then Ple looke vp.
 My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
 Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
 That cannot be since I am still posselt
 Of those effects for which I did the murther;
 My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
 May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state, o bosome blacke as death,
 O limed foule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make affay,
 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
 Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
 And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
 A villaine kills my father, and for that,
 I his sole foune, doe this same villaine fend
 To heauen.
 Why, this is base and filly, not reuendge,
 A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
 Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
 And how his audit stand who knowes faue heauen,
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,

Queen. Corambus, say, how is it with my son, Prince Hamlet? Does his madness at all relax, or will his raving neuer end?

Corambus. No, alas! Your Majesty, he is just as mad as ever.

Horatio. Most gracious Queene, Prince Hamlet is in the antechamber, and craves a private audience.

Queen. He is very dear to us; so let him come in at once.

Horatio. It shall be done, Your Majesty. [Exit.]

Queen. Corambus, hide yourself behind the tapestry till we call you.

Corambus. Ah, ah, your Majesty, I will. [Hides himself.]

Hamlet. Mother, did you know your late husband well?

Queen. Ah, remind me not of my former grief. I cannot but weep when I think of it.

Hamlet. Weep! Leave off weeping. They are but crocodile's tears.

Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
 To take him in the purging of his foule,
 When he is fit and feasoned for his paffage ?
 No.

Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
 When he is drunke, afleepe, or in his rage,
 Or in th'incestious pleafure of his bed,
 At game a fwearing, or about fome act
 That has no relifh of faluation in't,
 Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
 And that his foule may be as damned and black
 As hell whereto it goes; my mother ftaies,
 This phifick but prolongs thy fickly daies.

Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
 Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ftrait, looke you lay home to him,
 Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
 And that your grace hath fcreend and ftood between
 Much heate and him, Ile filence me euen heere,
 Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not.
 With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you queftion with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not fo,
 You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
 And would it were not fo, you are my mother.

But see. Yonder in that gallery hangs the counterfeite of your first husband, and there hangs the counterfeite of your present. What thinkest thou? Which is the nobler of the two? Is not the first a majestic nobleman?

Queen. He is, indeed. That is true.

Hamlet. And yet thou hast so soon forgotten him. Fie, for shame! You have almost on the same day the byrial and the betrothal. But, hush; are all the doors locked?

Queen. Why do you ask? [*Corambus coughs behind the tapestry.*]

Hamlet. Who is that who is listening to us? [*Stabs him.*]

Corambus. Woe is me, O Prince. What hast thou done? I am killed.

Queen. O Heavens! my son, what have you done? It is Corambus, the Chamberlain.

Ger. Nay then Ile fet those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge.
You goe not till I fet you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and mary with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let we wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stufte,
If damned custome haue not braid it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against fence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, o such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks

The very foule, and fweet religion makes
 A rapledy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
 Are this solidity and compound maffe
 With heated vifage, as againft the doome
 Is thought fick at the aft

Quee. Ay me, what aft?

Ham. That roares fo low'd, and thunders in the Index,
 Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
 See what a grace was feated on this browe,
Hiperions curls, the front of *Ioue* himfelfe,
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
 A station like the herald *Mercury*,
 New lighted on a heaue, a kifsing hill,
 A combination, and a forme indeede,
 Where euery God did feeme to fet his feale
 To giue the world affurance of a man,
 This was your husband, looke you now what followes.
 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
 Blafting his wholfome brother, haue you eyes,
 Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
 And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
 You cannot call it loue, for at your age
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits vpon the iudgment, and what iudgment
 Would ftrep from this to this, fense fure youe haue
 Els could you not haue motion, but fure that fence
 Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
 Nor fence to extacie was nere fo thral'd
 But it referu'd fome quantity of choife
 To ferue in fuch a difference, what deuill waft
 That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight.
 Eares without hands, or eyes, fmelling fance all,
 Or but a fickly part of one true fence
 Could not fo mope: o shame where is thy blufh?
 Rebellious hell,

Ghost passes across the stage. [Thunder and lightning.]

Hamlet. Ah, noble spirit of my father, stay. What would'st thou?
Grieft thou still to be reneged? Thou shalt be at the right time.

Queen. How is it with you? Who are you talking to?

Hamlet. Seest thou not the spirit of thy departed husband? See, he beckons as if he would speak to you.

Queen. Alas! I see nothing.

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
 Since frost it selfe as actiue doth burne,
 And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
 Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
 And there I see such blacke and greeued spots
 As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
 In the ranck sweate of an infeemed bed
 Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
 Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
 These words like daggers enter in my eares,
 No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murther and a villaine,
 A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth.
 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,

A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
 Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
 You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
 That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
 Th'important acting of your dread command, o say,

Hamlet. I believe you see nothing, for you are no longer worthy to look on his form. Fie, for shame? Not one word more will I say to you. [Exit.

Queen (alone). O God! what madness has this melancholy brought upon the Prince? Alas, my own son has totally lost his senses. And, alas! alas! I am much to blame. Had I not wedded my brother-in-law, my first husband's brother, I had not robbed my son of the crown

Ghost. Doe not forget, this vifitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i't with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in the alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle soune
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effect, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, tears perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulfe as yours doth temporarily keepe time.
 And makes as healthfull muficke, it is not madneffe
 That I haue vttered, bring me to the teft,
 And the matter will reword, which madneffe
 Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
 Lay not that flattering vnction to your foule
 That not your trespaffe but my madneffe fpeakes,
 It will but skin and filme the vicerous place
 Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
 Infects vnfeene, confesse your felfe to heauen,
 Repent what's paff, auoyd what is to come,
 And doe not fspread the compoft on the weedes
 To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
 For in the fatneffe of thefe purfue times
 Vertue it felfe of vice muft pardon beg,
 Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worfer part of it,
 And leaue the purer with the other halfe.
 Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
 Afiure a vertue if you haue it not,
 That monfter custome, who all fence doth eate
 Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
 That to the ufe of actions fair and good,
 He likewise giues a frock or Liuary
 That aptly is put on to refraine night,
 And that fhall lend a kind of eafines
 To the next abftinence, the next more eafie:
 For vfe almoft can change the ftamp of nature,
 And either the deuill, or throwe him out
 With wondrous potency: once more good night,
 And when you are defirous to be bleft,
 Ile blefing beg of you, for this fame Lord
 I doe repent; but heauen hath pleafd it fo
 To punifh me with this, and this with me.
 That I muft be their fcouge and minifter,
 I will beftowe him and will anfwere well

of Denmark. But when a thing is done what can we? Nothing. Matters must stand as they are. If the Pope had not allowed the marriage it would never have taken place. I will go hence, and do my best to restore my son to his former sense and health.

The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worfe remains behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kifses,
Or paddling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make your to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiight of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houfes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man shall fet me packing,
 Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
 Mother good night indeed, this Counfayler
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
 Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue,
 Come fir, to draw toward an end with you,
 Good night mother.

Exit.

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
 and Guyldensterne*

King. There's matter in these fighes, these profound heaues,
 You must translate, tis fit we understand them,
 Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
 Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
 And in this brainish apprehension kills
 The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
 It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
 His libertie is full of threates to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
 Thic mad young man; but so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a foule diseafe
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
 Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
 Among a minerall of mettals base,
 Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,
 The funne no fooner fhall the mountaines touch,
 But we will fhipe him hence, and this vile deede
 We muft with all our Maieftie and skill *Enter Rof. & Guild*
 Both countenance and excufe. Ho *Guyldenfterne*,
 Friends both, goe ioyne you with fome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* flaine,
 And from his mothers clofet hath he dreg'd him,
 Goe feeke him out fpeake fayre, and bring the body
 Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
 Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call vp our wifeft friends,
 And let them know both what we meane to doe
 And whats vntimely doone,
 Whofe whifper ore the worlds dyameter,
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
 Tranfports his poyfnd fhoot, may miffe our Name,
 And hit the woundleffe ayre, o come away,
 My foule is full of difcord and difmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely ftowd, but foft, what noyfe, who calls on *Hamlet*?
 O heere they come.

Rof. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duft whereto tis kin.

Rof. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
 And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeeue it.

Rof. Beleeeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counfaile & not mine owne beides
 to be demaunded of a fpunge, what rephcation fhould be made by
 the fonne of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a funge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
 authorities, but fuch Officers doe the King beft fervice in the end, he
 keepees them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firft mouth'd to be
 laft fwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but
 fqueeing you, and fpunge you fhall be dry againe.

Rof. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

King. Where is the body of Corambus? Has it not yet been remoued?

Horatio. He is still lying in the place where he was stabbed through.

King. It grieues vs that he has lost his life so suddenly. So, let it be taken away. Let it be nobly buried. Oh, Prince Hamlet, what hast thou done to stab an old and harmless man! It grieues vs to our heart; but as it has been done unwittingly, this murder is in some degree excusable. I fear, however, that when it gets known among the nobles, they will raise a rebellion among my subjects; and then they may reuenge his death on you. However, in our fatherlike care for you, we have devised a plan to ward off this danger from you.

Hamlet. I am sorry for it, my Lord Uncle and Father. I had wished to say something in private to the Queen, when he lay in wait for me as a spy. I did not, however, know that it was this silly old fool. But how would your Majesty haue us do?

King. We haue resolved to send you to England because the English Crown is friendly to our own. You can there refresh yourself for awhile, since the air there is better than ours and may promote your recovery. We will giue you some of our own attendants, who shall accompany you and serue you faithfully.

Hamlet. Ah, ah, King, send me off to Portugal; so that I may neuer come back again. That's the better plan.

King. No, not to Portugal, but to England; and those two shall accompany you on the journey. But when you arrive in England you shall haue more attendants.

Hamlet. Those are the lackeys, are they? Nice fellows!

King [apart to the two attendants].

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauifh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh care.

Rof. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyf. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis ſo, th' offenders ſcourage is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This fuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliebrate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperat growne,
By deſperate applaynce are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the reſt.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Rof. Where the dead body is beſtowed my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Rof. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure

King. Bring him before vs.

Rof. How, bring in the Lord.

They enter.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

King. Now *Hamlet* where's *Polonious*?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certainte conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our felues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end,

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* VVhat dooft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'affociats tend, and euery thing is bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for *England*. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother : Come for *England*.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foote. Tempt him with speede aboard,

Listen, you two. As soon as you have reached England do as I have ordered you. Get a sword or a pistol each and take his life. But should this attempt miscarry, take this letter and present it along with the Prince to the place for which it is addressed. There he will be so well looked to that he will never come back from England again. But in this point use secrecy. Reveal your business to no one. You shall receive your reward when you return.

Hamlet. Well, Your Majesty, who are they, then, that are to bear me company?

King. These two. The Gods be with you; and give you a fair wind for your destination.

Hamlet. Now adieu, Lady Mother.

King. How is this, Prince? why do you call me Mother?

Hamlet. Man and wife are one flesh. Father or Mother—it is all the same to me.

King. Well! fare thee well. Heaven attend you. [Exit.]

Hamlet. Now, you noble flunkies, are you to be my companions?

Both. We are, my Lord.

Hamlet. Come, then, my noble comrades, let us be off for England. [Exeunt.]

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
 Away, for euery thing is feald and done
 That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haft,
 And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ft at ought,
 As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,
 Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
 After the Danifh fword and thy free awe
 Payes homage to vs, thou mayft not coldly fet
 Our foueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
 By Letters congruing to that effect
 The prefent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
 For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
 And thou muft cure me; till I know tis done,
 How ere my haps my ioyes will nere begin.

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King.
 Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
 Craues the conueyance of a promifed march
 Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous
 If that his Maieftie would ought with vs,
 We fhall exprefse our dutie in his eye,
 And let him know fo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe foftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good fir whose powers are thefe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* fir.

Ham. How purposed fir I pray you?

Cap. Againft fome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them fir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it againft the maine of *Poland* fir,
 Or for fome frontire?

Cap. Truly to fpeake, and with no addition,
 We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

Jens. It is so long since I went to Court to pay my taxes. I am afraid that, go where I may, I shall be put in jail. I wish I could only find some good friend who would speak a good word for me, so that I might get off.

Phantasmo. There are strange goings-on at Court. Prince Hamlet is mad and Ophelia is mad too. In short, things go on so very queerly that I am almost ready to run away.

Jens. By all that's holy, there is my good old friend Phantasmo. No better man could I hit upon. I will ask him to say a good word for me. Holla! Master Phantasmo!

Phantasmo. Thanks! What can I do for you, Mister Clodhopper?

Jens. Ah, my good Master Phantasmo, 'tis a long time since I was at Court, and I am a long way behind-hand. Put in a good word for me, and I will send you an excellent cheese.

Phantasmo. What! Dost thou think, Master Clown, that I get nothing to eat at Court?

That hath in it no profit but the name
 To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
 Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 A rancker rate, should it befold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisoned.

Ham. Two thousand foules, & twenty thousand duckets
 VVill not debate the question of this straw
 This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you fir.

Cap. God buy you fir.

Rof. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
 How all occasions doe informe against me,
 And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
 Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 That capabilitie and god-like reason
 To fust in vs vnvd, now whether it be
 Bestial obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th' euent,
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
 Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength and meanes,
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouthes at the invifible euent,
 Expofing what is mortall, and vnfire,
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stirre without great argument,

Jens. O kind Master Phantasmo, pray do not forget me!

Phantasmo. Come along, Clobhopper. We'll see if we can put you right at the tax collector's. [Exeunt.]

Ophelia. I run and run and cannot find my sweetheart. He has sent to me come to him. We are to be married; and I am dressed for it already. But there he is, my Love! Oh, my lambkin! I have sought you everywhere; everywhere have I sought you. But think, the tailor has spoilt my muslin gown. See, there is a pretty flower for you, my Heart!

Phantasmo. Oh, the Devil! I wish she were away. She takes me for her sweetheart.

Ophelia. What sayest thou, my Love? We will go to bed together. I will wash you quite clean.

Phantasmo. Aye, aye; I'll soap you and wash you and wring you out too.

Ophelia. Hark, my Love, hast thou already put on your fine suit? Aye. That is well made; quite in the latest style.

Phantasmo. I know that without—

Ophelia. Alack, alack! I had nearly forgotten. The King has invited me to supper, and I must make haste. My coach! my coach!

[Exit.]

Phantasmo. O Hecate, thou Queen of witches, how glad I am that mad thing is off. If she had stayed any longer I should have been mad myself. I must get away before the madwoman comes again.

But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
 That haue a father kild, a mother staînd,
 Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough, and continent
 To hide the flain, o from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her,

Gent. Shee is importunat,

Indeede diftract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
 There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
 Spurns enuioufly at straws, speakes things in doubt
 That carry but half fence, her speech is nothing,
 Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
 The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
 And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
 Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
 Though nothing fure, yet much vnhappy.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
 Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
 Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ficke soule, as finnes true nature is,
 'Each toy teemes prologue to some great amisse,
 'So full of artlesse ieaousie is guilt,
 'It spills its selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautilous Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*?

she sings.

Phantasmo. Going or standing, that dast maiden, that Ophelia, is after me at euery corner. I can get no peace. She says I am her loue; and I am not. If I could but hide myself somewhere where she could not find.

Ophelia. Where is my sweetheart? The rogue will not stay with me. Guer away—but see, there he is! Listen, my Loe, I haue been with the priest, and he will marry vs this uery day. I haue made all ready for the wedding—chicken, hares, meat, butter, and cheese—all bought. There is nothing now wanting but the musicians to play vs to bed.

Phantasmo. I can only say Yes. Come, then, let's go to bed together.

Ophelia. No, no, my puppet, we must first go with one another to Church, and then we'll eat and drink and dance; that we will. We will be right merry!

Phantasmo. Aye, aye, right merry; three eating out of one dish.

Ophelia. What do you say? If you won't haue me, I'll not haue you [*strikes him*]. Look yonder! That's my Loe there. He is making signs to me. See what a fine suit of clothes he has. See, he is enticing me to him. He will throw me a lily and a rose. He will take me in his arms. He is making signs to me. I am coming; I am coming.

[*Exit.*

Phantasmo. At close quarters she is simple, and at a fair distance she's downright mad. I wish she was hanged and then the carrion could not run after me so.

[*Exit.*

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shooone

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graftgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go. *Song.*
With true loue flowers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you
what it means, say you this

To morrow is S. Valentines day. *Song.*

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his clothes and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeeде, without an oath Ile make an end on't.

By gis and by Saint Chartie,

alack and fie for fhame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder funne
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot
chuse but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my
brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile.
Come my Coach. God night Ladies, god night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold a *Gertrard, Gertrard.*
When sorrowes come, they come not fingle spies,
But in battalians; first her Father flaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whipers
For good *Polonius* death: and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: Poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herself, and her fair iudgment,
VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beafst,
Laft, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in fecret come from Fraunce,

King. We wish to find out how it goes with our son, Prince Hamlet, and whether the men whom we sent with him fellow-travellers have dealt honorably with him, even as we commanded.

Phantasmo. News, Mister King! Fresh news!

King. What is it, Phantasmo?

Phantasmo. Leonhardus has come home from France.

King. That pleases us. Let him present himself.

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himfelfe in clowdes,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his care
 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
 Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
 In eare and eare: o my deare *Gertrard*, this
 Like to a murdring peece in many places.
 Gieues me superfluous death.

A Noise within

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore.
 What is the matter?

Messen. Saue yourselfe my Lord.
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
 Eares not the flats with more impitious haft.
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to beginne,
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King.
 Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
 O this is counter your false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King.
 Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaims me Bastard,
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
 Euen here betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe

Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens'd let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. Put not by him.

King Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'll not be iugled with
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reueng'd,
Most thoroughly for my father,

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And for my meanes I'll husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little,

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty.
Of your deere Father, i'th writ in your reuenge,
That sooptake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my armes ,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican.
Repast them with my blood.

Leonhardus. My gracious Lord and King, I demand of Your Majesty either my father or revenge for his terrible murder. If this be not forthcoming I shall forget that you are King, and myself take my own revenge on the murderer.

King. Leonhardus, be satisfied that we are guiltless of your father's death. Since Hamlet assassinated him behind the hangings, but we will see that he is punished for the deed.

Leonhardus. As Your Majesty is guiltless of my father's death, I fall on my knees and beg for pardon. My anger as well as love for my father so overcame me that I knew not what I did.

King. You are forgiven. We can easily believe that it touches you nearly to have lost your father so miserably. But rest satisfied—you shall find a father in ourselves.

Leonhardus. I thank you for this great act of royal kindness.

Queen. Gracious Lord and King, dearest husband, I bring you bad news.

King. What is it, my dearest soul?

Queen. My favorite maid-of-honour, Ophelia, runs up and down, and cries and screams, and eats nothing and drinks nothing. They say she has quite lost her wits.

King. Alas! one hears nothing else but sad and unhappy news.

Ophelia. See! there! you have a flower; and you; and you. [*Gives each a flower.*] But what, what had I all but forgotten? I must run quick. I have forgotten my jewels. Ah, my diadem. I must go at once to the Court jeweller, and ask what new fashions he has got. So, so; lay out the table quickly. I shall soon be back. [*Runs off.*]

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death.
And am most fencible in griefs for it
It shall as leuvell to your judgment peare
As day dooes to your eye

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares feauen times falt
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O. Rose of May
Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ift possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere.
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue

Song.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'tt perfwardereuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must finge a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it.
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue
remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for

Leonhardus. Am I, then, born to miseries of all sorts? My father is dead; my sister is mad. My heart is bursting with grief.

King. Leonhardus, be satisfied: you shall live first in our favour. But do you, dearest Queen, please to walk within with us, for we have secret tidings to reveal to you alone. Leonhardus, forget not what we have said to you.

Queen. My King, we must think of something by which this unfortunate maiden may be restored to her senses.

King. Let the case be laid before our own physician. But you, Leonhardus, follow us.

you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
 you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daffie, I would
 giue you some Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed,
 they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paffion, hell it selfe
 She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come again, *Song.*
 And wil a not come againe,
 No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
 He neuer will come againe.
 His beard was as white as fnow,
 Flaxen was his pole,
 He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
 God a mercy on his foule, and of all Chriftians foules,
 God by you.

Laer. Doe you this o God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
 Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
 If by direct, or by colaturall hand
 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
 Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
 And we shall ioyntly labour with your foule
 To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.
 His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
 No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
 No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
 Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
 And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
 I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Letters.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father flaine
Pursued my life.

Hamlet. There's a pleasant place here on this island. We'll rest here awhile, and dine. There's a pleasant wood and cool stream of water. So bring me of the best from the ship; for here we'll enjoy ourselves.

First Russian. My Lord and Grace, this is no time for eating; for from this island you will never depart. Here is the spot which is chosen for your burial-ground.

Hamlet. What saiest thou, base slave? Knowest thou who I am? Would you pass jests on a Prince Royal? Howener, for this time, I forgine you.

Second Russian. It is no jest. It is downright earnest.

Hamlet. Why this? What injury have I ever done you? For my part I can think of none. Why, then, such bad intentions?

First Russian. It is our orders from the King, as soon as we get Your Highness on this island we are to take your life.

Hamlet. My dear friends, spare my life. Say that you have done your work; and so long as I live I will never come in sight of the King. Think well whether you do yourselves good by having on your hands the blood of an innocent Prince. Will you stain your consciences with my sins? Alas, that in an evil hour like this I have no weapon! If I had but something in my hands—

[*Makes an attempt to seize a sword.*]

Second Russian. Holla, comrade! Look out for your weapon.

First Russian. I'll look out. Now, Prince, prepare yourself. We have no time to lose.

Hamlet. Since it cannot be otherwise, and I must die at your hands at the bidding of a tyrannical King, I must submit, although I have done no wrong. And you, driven to the deed by poverty, I willingly forgine. My blood, howener, must be answered for by the fratricide and parricide at the great day of judgment.

First Russian. What have we to do with the day of judgment? To-day is the day for our business.

Second Russian. Erve, brother! Let us get to work. Let us fire; you from one side and I on the other.

Hamlet. Hear me but for one word. Even the very worst of criminals would not be denied a time to repent in. I pray you, then, an innocent Prince as I am, to let me address to my Maker an earnest

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men fir, they fay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleffe you fir.

Hora. Let him bleffe thee to.

Say. A shall fir and please him, there's a Letter for you fir, it came fro th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fellows some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chafe, finding our selues too slow of faile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the infant they got cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prifoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellows will bring thee where I am, *Rofencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

prayer; after this I am ready to die. But I will make a sign. I will turn my hands toward Heaven, and the moment I stretch out my arms you can fire. One of you aim on one side, and the other on the other; and when I say "Fire," give me what I need. Be sure to hit me so that I shall not suffer long.

Second Russian. Well, we may do as much as this for you; so go on.

Hamlet [separates his hands from one another]. *Fire.* [Throws himself forward between the two, who shoot one another.] O just Heaven, I thank you for this heavenly idea, and I will always revere the guardian angel who through this happy thought has saved my life! These wretches have only what is due them. Ha! the dogs still more; they have shot one another, but I will give the last stroke to my revenge, and make sure: else the rogues may escape [stabs them with their own swords]. Now will I see whether they have any secret with them. This one has nothing. On this murderer, however, I find a letter which I will make free to read. This letter is written to an arch-murderer in England, that, in case this attempt fail, they should make me over to him, and he would just blow out the light of my life. The Gods stand by the just. Now will I return, to the terror of my father. But I will not trust any longer to water, for who knows but what the ship's captain may be a villain, too. I will go to the first station and take post. The sailors I will order back to Denmark. These rascals, however, I will throw into the water. [Exit.]

Phantasma. Uncle, King, more news still!

King. What is your latest news?

Phantasma. Prince Hamlet has come back.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminal and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and foule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too flightly tymbered for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayes may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your fleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene;

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Meff. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,

King. The Devil you mean, not Prince Hamlet.

Phantasmo. I mean Prince Hamlet, not the Devil.

King. Leonhardus, hear! Now you can avenge your father's death, since the Prince has returned: but you must promise on your oath not to reveal it to any one.

Phantasmo. Doubt me not, Your Majesty. That which Your Majesty reveals shall be kept as silent as if spoken to a stone.

King. We will get up a fencing-match between you and him. You shall fence with foils. The one who makes the first three hits wins a Neapolitan horse. But in the midst of the fencing let your foil drop, and take up instead of it an unbluted weapon, which shall be made exactly like the foil and be ready to your hand. This you anoint with a strong poison: and as soon as you shall have wounded him he will die. So will you win both the prize and the King's favor.

Leonhardus. Your Majesty must excuse me. The Prince is a good fencer; he might turn my own weapon against me.

King. Leonhardus, don't hesitate to please your King and revenge your father. As your father's murderer the Prince deserves such a death. We, however, cannot enforce the law against him, for his lady mother is a Queen, and my subjects love him much. Did we openly avenge ourselves, there might easily be a rebellion. To shun him both as stepson and kinsman is only an act of righteous justice; for he is murderous and mad, and we must for the future, even on our account, be afraid of such a wicked man. Do then what we desire, and relieve your King of his fears, and yourself take, in secret, a revenge for your father's murder.

Leonhardus. It is a hard matter and one which I scarcely like: for should the matter get known, it would certainly cost me my life.

King. Do not hesitate. Should this fail we have thought of another trick. We will have an eastern diamond powdered fine, and

They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am fet naked on your kingdom.
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall
first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my fud-
daine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choofe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him

As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest fiedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then fetled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he bene incorp't, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaust, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your fodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thrifts figh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To showe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarife,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiffe,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choofe
A sword vnbaded, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck

when he is heated present it to him in a beaker mixed with wine and sugar. So shall he drinke his death to our healths.

Leonhardus. Well, then, Your Highness, under this safeguard, I'll do the deed.

Hamlet. Unhappy Prince! how much longer shalt thou know no peace. How long, O just Remesis! before thou hast sharpened your just sword of vengeance for my fratricide uncle? Hither have I come again, yet I cannot obtain my revenge. The fratricide is surrounded by so many people. But I swear that, before the sun has again made his journey from east to west, I will work my revenge on him.

So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaime of rare,
 Collected from all simples that haue vertue
 Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
 That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
 With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
 Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
 May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 Twere better not astayd, therefore this proiect,
 Should haue a back or second that might hold
 If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
 Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
 I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,
 And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefared him
 A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
 So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, o where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
 That showes his hory leaues in the glassy streame,
 Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
 Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daifies, and long Purples
 That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name,
 But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
 There on the pendant boughes her coronet weedes

Clambring to hang, an enuious fliuer broke,
 When downe her weedy trophies and her felfe
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fprede wide,
 And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
 Which time fhe chaunted fnatches of old laudes,
 As one incapable of her owne diftreffe,
 Or like a creature natiue and indewed
 Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
 Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
 Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then fhe is drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
 It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
 Let fhame fay what it will, when thefe are gone,
 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
 I haue a fpeech of fire that faine would blafe,
 But that this folly drownes it.

Exit.

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
 Now feare I this will giue it ftart againe,
 Therefore lets follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clowmes.

Cloume. Is fhee to be buried in Chriftian buriall, when fhe wilfully fees her owne faluation?

Other. I tell thee fhe is, therefore make her graue ftraight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chriftian buriall.

Cloume. How can that be, vnleffe fhe drown'd herfelfe in her own defence.

Other. Why tis found fo.

Cloume. It muft be fo offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the payant, if I drowne my felfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; fhe drowned her felfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't. Crowners queft law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profefsion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes ftronger then a Mafon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, fay a graue-maker, the houfes hee makes lafts till Doomefday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a foope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract o the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his bufines? a fings in graue-making

Hora. Cuftome hath made it in him a propertie of eafines.

Ham. Tis een fo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier

Clow. But age with his ftealing fteppes (fence *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath fhipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been fuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could fmg once, how the knaue ioweles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the firft murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could fay good morrow fweet lord, how dooft thou fweet lord? This might be my Lord fuch a one, that praied my lord fuch a ones horfe when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een fo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextons fpade; heeres fine reuolution and we had the tricke to fee't, did these bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a fpade a fpade, *Song.*
 for and a fhrowding sheet
 O a pit of Clay for to be made
 for fuch a gueft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quilities, his cafes, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he fuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the fconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durty, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchafes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will fcarcely lye in this box, & muft th'inheritor himfelfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchmont made of fheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which feeke out affurance in that, I wil fpeak to this fellow. Whofe graue's this firra?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.

Clow. You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours! for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dooft lie in't to be in't & fay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dooft thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her foule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very dry that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why becaufe a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be feene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sexton heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull fir, was fir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and nof how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kift I know not how oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,

The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,

The corse they follow, did with desprat hand

Enter, K. Q.

*Laertes and
the corse.*

Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-fwayes the order,
She should in ground vnfanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted foules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth.

And from her faire and vupolluted flesh,
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sifter be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'ft haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I though thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall tenne times double on that curfed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious fence
Depriu'd thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyefh head

Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieve
Beares such an emphafis, whose phrafe of forrow
Coniures the wandring ftarres, and makes them ftand
Like wonder wounded hearers : this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy foule,

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not fpleenatiue rafh, from my throat,
Yet haue I in me fomething dangerous,
Which let thy wifedome feare ; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my fonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thoufand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds fhew me what th'owt doe :
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't teare thy felfe,
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocadile ?
Ile doo't, dooft come heere to whine ?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone
Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneffe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue

SCENE II.

Horatio.

Horatio. My noble Prince, I am glad to see you back in good health. Pray, howeuer, tell me why you haue returned so soon.

Hamlet. Ah, Horatio, you haue come near neuer seeing me again alike; for my life has been at stake; only the Almighty has specially protected me.

Horatio. What says Your Highness? Tell me about it.

Hamlet. Thou knowest that the King had giuen me two fellows as attendants and companions. Now it so happened that for two days we had contrary winds. So we had to anchor on an island near Denes. I went with my two companions from the ship to breathe the fresh air. Then came the cursed villains and would haue had my life, and said that the King had hired them to kill me. I begged hard for my life, and promised them a handsome reward, and that, if they reported me to the King as dead, I would neuer go near the court again. But there was no mercy in them. At last, the Gods put a thought into my head: and I begged them that, before my death, I might make a prayer, and that when I cried „Fire“ they would fire from opposite sides at me. As I gaue the word, I fell on the ground, and they shot one another. Thus I escaped with my life. My arrival, howeuer, will be no good news to the King.

Horatio. O! unheard-of treachery!

When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himfelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him *and Horatio*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this fir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance,

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire.
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commision; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall forts of reasons,

Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuife no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. I't possible?

Ham. Heeres the commifsion, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
Deuifd a new commifsion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ftatifts doe,
A baseneffe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans feruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary
As loue between them like the palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweene their ameties,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this feald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danish seale;
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'imprefion, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was fequent

King. Prepare, Leonhardus. Prince Hamlet will soon be here.

Leonhardus. Your Majesty, I am already prepared, and I will, at least, do my best.

King. Look well to it! Here comes the Prince in good time.

Hamlet. Ah, Horatio, this fool is infinitely dearer to the King than I am.

Phantasmo. Welcome home, Prince Hamlet! Knowest thou the news? The King has laid a wager on you and the young Leonhardus. You are to fight with foils; and he who makes the first three hits is to win a white Neapolitan horse.

Hamlet. Are you sure of this?

Phantasmo. It is certainly as I say.

Hamlet. Horatio, what can this mean? I and Leonhardus to fight one another? I fancy they have told this fool something wonderful, for one can make him believe what one will. Look now, Signora Phantasmo, it is terribly cold.

Phantasmo. Aye, it is terribly cold. [*Shivers, with chattering teeth.*]

Hamlet. And now it is not so cold.

Phantasmo. Aye, aye, it is just the happy medium.

Hamlet. But now it is very hot. [*Wipes his face.*]

Phantasmo. O, what a terrible heat! [*Wipes away the perspiration.*]

Hamlet. And now it is neither hot nor cold.

Phantasmo. Yes! it is now just temperate.

Hamlet. You see, Horatio, one can just make him believe what one will. Phantasmo, go to the King and say that I will soon wait on him. [*Exit Phantasmo.*]

Hamlet. Come, now, Horatio, I will go at once and present myself

Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rofencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne infinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the paffe and fell incenced points
Of mighty oppofits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke, thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cunage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you fir. .
Dooft know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy fteate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him.
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaft be Lord of beafts, and his
crib fhall stand at the Kings meffe, tis a chough, but as I fay, fpacious
in the poffeffion of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I fhould
impart a thing to you from his Maieftie.

Ham. I will receaue it fir with all dilligence of fpirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultery, as t'were I cannot
tell how: my Lord his Maieftie bad me signifie to you, that a has
layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I befeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is

to the King. But what? What means this? My nose bleeds and my whole body quivers. [Faints.]

Horatio. O noble Prince! Heavens! what means this? Be you yourself again, my Lord. What ails you, my Lord?

Hamlet. I know not, *Horatio*. When the thought struck me of returning to the Court, a sudden faintness came over me. What this means the Gods only know.

Horatio. Ah, Heaven grant that this be no evil omen.

Hamlet. Be it what it may, I'll to the Court, even should it cost me my life. [Exit.]

newly com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: indeede to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dofe th' arithmeticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixon of him, his femblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well fir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Cour. I meane fir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King fir hath wagerd with him fix Barbary horfes, against the which hee has impaund as I take it fix French Rapiers and Poyuards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger and fo. Three

of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our fides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, fix Barbary horſes againſt fix French ſwords their aſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you fo?

Ham. To this effect fir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did fir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droffy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hifty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young

Ostricke, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure if his fitness speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loofe my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their reapiere hether, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion,
King, Queene, and all the state, Fviles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon fir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this prefence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a fore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madneffe,
Waft *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himself be fane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madneffe. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneffe is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts.
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house.
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am fatisfied in nature.
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord : but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeft night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Hamlet. All health and happines to your Majesthy!

King. We thank you, Prince! We are greatly rejoiced that your melancholy has somewhat disappeared. Wherefore we have arranged a friendly contest between yourself and the young Leonhardus with foils, and the one who makes the first three hits shall have won a white Neapolitan horse, with saddle-cloths and trappings to match.

Hamlet. Pardon me, Your Majesthy, I have had but little practice in foil; Leonhardus, however, has just come from France, so that he is doubtless in good practice. I pray, then, that for this reason you may excuse me.

King. Do it, Prince Hamlet, to gratify us; for we are curious to see what sort of feints there are in Germany and France.

Queen. My gracious Lord and King, I have a terrible calamity to tell you of.

King. Heaven forbid! Go on!

Queen. Ophelia has gone to the top of a high hill, and has thrown herself down, and illed herself.

Leonhardus. Unfortunate Leonhardus! who hast lost within a brief space both a father and a sister. What more troubles are to come; I am weary enough of woe to die myself!

King. Be comforted, Leonhardus. We are gracious to you. Only begin the contest. Phantasmo, bring the foils. Horatio shall be umpire.

Phantasmo. Here is the warm beer.

Hamlet. Come on, Leonhardus; and let us to see which of us is to fit the other with the fool's cap. Should I blunder, pray excuse me, for it is long since I have handled foils.

Leonhardus. I am your servant if you are only jesting, my Lord.

[The first bout they fight fairly. Leonhardus is hit.]

Hamlet. That's one, Leonhardus.

Leonhardus. True, your Highness. Now for my revenge [He drops his foil, and takes up the poisoned sword which lies ready, and gives the Prince a thrust in carte in the arm. Hamlet parries, so that they both drop their weapons; each stoops to pick one up. Hamlet gets the poisoned one, and wounds Leonhardus mortally.]

Leonhardus. Woe is me! I have had a mortal thrust. I have been caught in my own denice. Heaven have mercy on me!

Laer. You mock me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cofin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker fide.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue feene you both,
But fince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me fee another.

Ham. This likes me well, thefe foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the ftoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firft or fecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King fhall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice fhall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure fucceſſive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne; giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne.
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

*Trumpets
the while.*

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgment.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and ſhot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Floriſh, a peece goes off.*

Hamlet. What the Devil is this, Leonhardus? Have I wounded you with the foil? How can this be?

King. Go quick, and get my royal cup with some wine, so that the fencers may refresh themselves a little. Go, Phantasmo, and fetch it. [*Descends from the throne. Aside.*] I hope that they both drink of the wine and both die, that no one will know of this plot.

Hamlet. Tell me, Leonhardus! how did all this happen?

Leonhardus. Alas, Prince, I have been seduced into this misfortune by the King! See what you have in your hand! It is a poisoned sword.

Hamlet. O Heaven! what is this? Save me from it.

Leonhardus. It was arranged that I wound you with it, for it is so strongly poisoned that the man who takes from it even a scratch, dies.

King. So, gentlemen! take this drink. [*While the King is rising from his chair and speaking these words, the Queen takes the cup out of Phantasmo's hand, and drinks. The King cries out.*] So, where is the cup? Alas, best of wines, what art thou doing? Its contents are deadly poison? Alas, alas, what hast thou done?

Queen. Alas, I am dying! [*The King stands before her.*]

Hamlet. And thou, tyrant, shall accompany her in death.

[*Stabs him from behind.*]

King. Woe is me! I am receiving my bad reward.

Leonhardus. Adieu, (sic) Prince Hamlet! Adieu, world! I am dying also. Ah, Prince pardon me!

Hamlet. May Heaven receive thy soul; for thou art guiltless. But as to this tyrant—let him wash himself of his black sins in Hell. Ah! Horatio, now is my soul at peace. I have reneged myself on my enemies. I, too, have taken a hit on my arm; but I hope it is not vital. I am sorry I have hit Leonhardus; though I know not how I got that accursed sword into my hand. But as the work so the wages. He has received his reward. Nothing afflicts me more than my Lady mother. Still, she, too, deserved this death for her sins. But who gave her the cup that has poisoned her? Tell me that?

Phantasmo. I, Prince. I also brought the poisoned sword; but the poisoned wine was to be drunk by yourself only.

Hamlet. Hast thou also been an instrument in all this misery? Then take your reward also! [*Stabs him mortally.*]

Phantasmo. Stab away: and may the blade grow lame!

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout firft, fet it by a while
Come, another hit. What fay you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our fonne fhall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and fcant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost againft my confcience.

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally.

I pray you paffe with your beft violence

I am fure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you fo, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenft.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Look to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both fides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How ift *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne fpringde *Ostrick*.

I am iuftly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee founds to fee them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deare *Hamlet*.

The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't.

Treachery, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,

No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
 In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
 The treacherous instrument is in my hand
 Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife
 Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe heere I lie
 Neuer to rife againe, thy mother's poyfined,
 I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treafon, treafon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou inceftious damned Dane,
 Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
 Follow my mother

Laer. He is iuftly ferued, it is a poyfon tempered by himfelfe,
 Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble *Hamlet*.
 Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
 Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance.
 That are but mutes, or audience to this act.
 Had I but time, as this fell fergeant Death.
 Is strict in his arreft O I could tell you.
 But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
 Thou liueft, report me and my caufe a right
 To the vnfatisfied.

Hora. Neuer belieue it;
 I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
 Heere's yet fome liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
 Giue me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hate,
 O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
 Things ftanding thus vnknown, fhall I leave behind me?
 If thou did'ft euer hold me in thy hart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harfh world drawe they breath in paine
 To tell my ftory: what warlike notife is this?

*A marcha
 farre off.*

Hamlet. Alas, Horatio, I fear that my reuenge will cost me my life; for I am badly wounded in the arm. I am getting faint; my limbs become weak, my legs will not bear me; my voice fails; I feel the poison in all my limbs. I pray you, dear Horatio, to carry my crown to Norway, to my cousin, the Duke Fortenbras, so that the kingdom may not fall into other hands. Alas! I am dying.

Horatio. Alas, most noble Prince, thou may still look for aid! O Heauen, he is dying in my arms! What has this kingdom, for a length of time, not undergone from hard wars? Scarcely is there Peace, but internal disturbance, ambition, faction, and murder fill the land. No age of the world euer saw such terrific tragedies enacted as at this Court. I will, with the help of the faithful counsellors, make all preparations that these three high personages shall be interred according to their rank. Then will I at once make for Norway with the crown, and deliver it as this unfortunate Prince has commanded. So is it that when a Prince forces himself to the crown with cunning, and by treachery obtains the same, he himself experiences nothing but mere mockery and scorn. For even as the labour so is the reward.

A King who seizes the crown by treachery

Shall in the end have nothing for himself but scorn and mockery!

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadores of *England*, giues this warlike volly

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*.
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th' occurrants more and lesse
Which haue folicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels fing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight?

Hora. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, o prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strook?

Embas. Tht fight is difmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The ears are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you ;
He neuer gaue commandment for their death ;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*,
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about ; so shall you heare

FINIS.



Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgments, carefull floghters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no caufe
And in this vpsshot, purpofes, mistooke,
Falne on th'inuenter's heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it.
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with forrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vonage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I fhall haue also caufe to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
But let this fame be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaft more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Bear *Hämlet* like a fouldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prooued most royall; and for his paffage,
The fouldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoves much amiffe.
Goe bid the fouldiers shoote.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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